



**A CLERGYMAN**, leaving his present residence for one in a distant part of the country, would be glad to dispose of a small but valuable collection of PAINTINGS by the OLD MASTERS, on which he himself would be a witness of great value. He will have them sold by Mr. Farrer, or any other equally experienced judge. Apply, pre-paid, to the Rev. K. A. 25, Gracechurch-street.

**Sales by Auction.**

*To Entomologists.*

**MR. J. C. STEVENS** will SELL by AUCTION, in their Great Rooms, 29, King-street, Covent-garden, on TUESDAY, March 10, and following day, at 1 o'clock. THE COLLECTION OF INSECTS of the late THOMAS MILLER, Esq. R.N., comprising an extensive series of Exotic Lepidoptera, rare and valuable Coleoptera, a Collection of British Specimens of all orders, together with the Eleven Cases of Rosewood, Mahogany, and Coal, in which the above are contained.

May be viewed on Monday and mornings of Sale, and Catalogues had.

*Medical, Architectural, and Miscellaneous Books.*

**MR. L. A. LEWIS** will SELL, at his House, 125, Fleet-street, on TUESDAY, March 13, and following day, THE MEDICAL and SCIENTIFIC LIBRARY of the late DR. GREENMAN deceased, including Crueviller, Anatomie Pathologique du Corps Humain, 3 vols.—Ray and Sydenham's Society's Publications—Dictionnaire de Médecine, 15 vols.—the best Medical Works of the French school—Cuvier's Animal Kingdom, 8 vols.—Malibran's London Guide—Poole's Dictionary of the French Language—Montfaucon's Antiquité Expliquée, 5 vols.—Doodnay's Book, 2 vols.—Normand, Parallèle d'Architecture—Nicholson's Architectural Dictionary, 2 vols.—Britton's Christian Architecture—Pugin's Examples of Gothic Architecture, 2 vols.—Gwilt's Encyclopedia of Architecture—Chambers's Civil Architecture, by Gwilt, 4 vols.

*Mr. GREENLAND'S Collection of Books, Pictures, Drawings, and Prints.*

**MR. L. A. LEWIS** will SELL, at 57, Threadneedle-street, on TUESDAY, March 20, and three following days, the VALUABLE STOCK of MR. ALFRED GREENLAND, who is relinquishing the business; including a fine Collection of Books of Prints, Galleys, &c. also an interesting Collection of Pictures, Drawings, and Prints.

*Portion of the Valuable Library of the late J. DISRAELI, Esq.*

**MESSRS. S. LEIGH SOTHEBY & CO.**, Auctioneers of Literary and Artistic Works illustrating the Fine Arts, will SELL by AUCTION, at their House, 3, Wellington-street, Strand, on FRIDAY, March 16, 1849, and three following days (Sunday excepted), at 1 o'clock precisely. A considerable Portion of the VALUABLE LIBRARY of the late ISAAC DISRAELI, Esq., Author of "The Curiosities of Literature," and other popular Works.

To be viewed two days prior, and Catalogues had.

*British Portraits, nearly complete Series of the Works of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Works of Wootton, Strange, Hogarth, fine Modern Prints, Drawings, &c. from Stowe.*

**MESSRS. S. LEIGH SOTHEBY & CO.**, Auctioneers of Literary Property and Works illustrative of the Fine Arts, will SELL by AUCTION, at their House, 3, Wellington-street, Strand, on FRIDAY, March 16, 1849, and three following days (Sunday excepted) at 1 o'clock precisely each day. The Remaining Portion of the ENGRAVED BRITISH PORTRAITS, comprising those from the Reign of James II., forming the Illustrated Copy of the Continuation of the Biographical History of England, by the Rev. Dr. Norden, to which are added, the FINE ENGRAVINGS of the ENGLISH SCHOOL, comprising the Works of Wootton, Strange, Hogarth, &c., the very complete Works of Sir Joshua Reynolds in the most beautiful proof states, interesting series of Original Coloured Drawings of the Scenery of Scotland by Gilpin, and English Portraits, all private plates, removed from Stowe House, Buckinghamshire.

To be viewed two days prior to the Sale.

*Important Sale of Engravings by Ancient Masters.*

**MESSRS. S. LEIGH SOTHEBY & CO.**, Auctioneers of Literary Property and Works of Art, will SELL by AUCTION, in their House, 3, Wellington-street, Strand, on LONDON, May 7th, and following days, the FINE STOCK of the highly valuable and extensive STOCK of Masters, W. & G. SMITH, the long-established, well-known, and eminent Print-sellers, of Lisle-street, retiring from business. It will contain the Works of the principal Masters of the early Italian, German, Dutch, Flemish, French, and English Schools. The Collection is so well known as to render it almost unnecessary to enter into particulars; it will, therefore, be sufficient to mention that very numerous Works of the following Artists will be included:—In the Italian school, Andrea Mantegna, Zuccaro, Robertet, Marc Antonio, Agostino Veneziano, Marco da Ravenna, Ghisi, Carracci, the highly important collection of the Works of Parmigianino and Melidola, formed by a well-known amateur, and Count Fries's Collection of the Masters of the School of Fontainebleau. In the German school, the famous Cranach, Dürer, Albrecht Altdorfer, and the English School, Master of the Last Judgment, the Master of the Nativity, Albert Dürer, Hans Holbein the Younger, and the little masters. In the Dutch and Flemish Schools, a most extraordinary collection of Rembrandt's Etchings, in a great variety of states, and the principal Works of Bergheem, Paul Potter, Swanenburgh, Goltzius, Honthorst, Visscher, &c. In the French School—Engravings by Claude, Gérard, Callot, &c., and fine Engravings, many in proof states, by Andran, Nanteuil, Delinck, Drevet, Van Schuppen, and others; and among the English Masters will be found the best Works of Elstache the Painter, Fetherston, Hollar, Gyles, Strange, Wences, &c.

The Prints are of the highest quality, and, in the most perfect condition, and have formed very important items in the most celebrated collections that have been dispersed both publicly and privately during the last fifty years.

Catalogues are now preparing, and will be ready one month prior to the Sale.

*The Valuable and Extensive Stock of Second-hand Books, the Property of Messrs. Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans, giving up that branch of their business for the convenience of their Publishing and Wholesale Trade.*

**MESSRS. S. LEIGH SOTHEBY & CO.**, Auctioneers of Literary Property and Works of Art, will SELL by AUCTION, on LONDON, May 14th, and following days, during the month of May, the ABOVE VALUABLE COLLECTION, in which will be found Works in every branch of Literature, including the great Work on Egypt, published under the auspices of Bonaparte, 6 vols. folio.—Musée Français, 4 vols. folio, proofs before the letter—Grec—Latin—Greek—French—Portuguese—Spanish—Portuguese, 6 vols. folio—Stryce's Lives and Various Works, 27 vols. 8vo.—Universal History, 63 vols. 8vo.—Rousseau, Œuvres complètes, 37 vols. 8vo.—Lingard's England, 14 vols. 8vo.—Holin's Roman and Ancient History, &c. 33 vols. 8vo.

*Valuable Books and Manuscripts, a few Paintings, Two exquisitely-finished Models of Ships, &c.*

**PUTTICK & SIMPSON**, (successors to Mr. Fletcher, Auctioneers of Literary Property, will SELL by AUCTION, at their Great Rooms, 29, King-street, Covent-garden, on TUESDAY, March 10, and following day, at 1 o'clock most punctually, a valuable LIBRARY, including many rare Works in fine condition, County Histories, Topography, rare Controversial Theology, Classics, History, Books of Prints, &c.; MSS. including a few Illuminated Manuscripts and Books of Office, some extraordinarily interesting Histories, Maps, &c. English Charters (many relating to Worcester), early Deeds and Documents, Wardrobe Accts of Counts and Household Rolls of an important character, from the time of Edward I. to Queen Mary, nearly 100 interesting Autograph Letters of William III., &c.

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The data for his work Major Smyth describes as having been collected from native manuscripts, from Seik Sirdahs, and from European officers in the Seik service—of whom there have been many, English, French, Greek, Italian, Russian, &c., from the days of Runjeet Sing—but chiefly from the notes of a Colonel or Captain Gardner, of the Seik Artillery, a personage who is described by the editor as one "who for several years supplied the British Government with important information without betraying his own." According to Major Smyth, this

gentleman is possessed of many other secrets of state; and is in a position to prove that the Dogra chiefs—at the head of whom is Rajah Goolaub Sing, a man who has received at our hands favours abundant and repaid us with perfidious counsels—were at the bottom of the sanguinary insurrection at Cabul. If conclusive evidence on this point can be obtained, either from Mr. Gardner or elsewhere, it should be procured without loss of time. The day is probably not far distant when we shall have to deal with the Lord of the Hills, not as his crimes deserve, but as good policy requires; and it would be sheer folly not to avail ourselves of the chances which turn up to unravel the tangled and bloody web of his diplomacy from the date of Runjeet Sing's death. Accepting the facts as here stated, we agree with the Major in thinking that "after reading the account given in these pages of Goolaub Sing's atrocities, the public will be surprised at the British Government entering into a treaty with such a monster;" but in justification of this proceeding it must be remembered that the Anglo-Indian authorities when treating with the hill-rajah did not know him so well as we do now,—that he was then about the most powerful and capable of the Seik chieftains, ruling over a territory out of which it would have been difficult to drive him,—and that he was in opposition to the party of Lal Sing and the queen-mother, and had not appeared in arms against the British.

The contents of Major Smyth's book are rather miscellaneous. First, there is the History of Runjeet Sing's Family—of the conqueror himself—of his wives, concubines, descendants and successors: and a very extraordinary history it is. Next, we have an account of the war with the British forces. After this, we are treated to a series of notices of remarkable men and events otherwise lying out of the pale of this story. Then, there is a genealogical history of the Jummoo Family—Goolaub Sing—from its migration from the vicinity of Oude to the northern hills, about the time of Kyroo (Cyrus), down to the present time, through eighty generations of warriors and rulers. Appended to this is a quantity of notes explaining and correcting passages in Malcolm, Prinsep, Lawrence, Steinbach, McGregor, and the *Calcutta Review*. Many of these last might very well have been spared. The work does not pretend to be a history of the Seiks; but whoever shall attempt to write the history of that nation hereafter will find in its pages much that will elucidate the darker passages of his task.

But it is time for us to introduce the reader to the book itself. How Goolaub Sing and his brothers first ingratiated themselves with Runjeet Sing and obtained rank and wealth at court we will not here relate. After his death they managed matters at their will; though not always in peace. Other ambitious and unscrupulous men resided at the court of Lahore; and the Khalsa army being always open to the highest bidder, the Dogra chiefs had frequently to fight for their supremacy—especially on a change of dynasty. On one occasion Goolaub's little band of followers was besieged in the fort or citadel of Lahore: the following passage will show how he fought on this occasion,—and also how Major Smyth describes things military.—

"As day dawned upon Lahore the watchers on the ramparts of the fort heard the tramp and murmur of the advancing Khalsa army as it marched in at the several gates of the city. The increasing light then showed a cloud of dust raised by the tread of the advancing thousands, and which threw a lurid and ominous gloom on all around. Presently the fierce cries of some seventy thousand wild infantry, and perhaps fifty thousand still more savage followers

attracted by the scent of plunder, rent the air in loud acclamations. Above all was heard the Seik war-cry—*Wah Gooroo jee ko Futtch! Wah Gooroo jee ko Khalsajee!* as the host, disdaining further attempts at secrecy, advanced to the assault. The small and silent band on the walls of the fort calmly beheld the approach of the dense columns of infantry, the squadrons of cavalry, and more fearful than all, the enormous train of the Khalsa artillery. The entire circuit of the fort now presented a closely wedged mass of men, forming close up to the very walls. Presently the artillery was drawn into position, and coolly unlimbered ready to open its terrible fire on the devoted place. The number of guns was so great that they formed as it were one entire and connected battery round the fort; and yet others, for want of room in the first rank, had to take up positions in the rear, or to fire from wherever space could be found to work them. Calmly and silently the besieged viewed these formidable preparations for the assault. They had merely closed the two gates, the one leading into the Hazoorie Bagh and the other towards the eastern verge of the city; but inside each of these gates they had placed two guns loaded with grape. They also manned the walls as well as their numbers would allow with the men of the Dogra or Phirman battalion, who lay concealed, ready to deal out destruction on the dense masses below. At this time the Hazoorie Bagh was thronged with a motley multitude of Gorchar, or troopers, Akalees, Infantry, Cavalry, and Artillery. Sher Singh himself took up his position in a marble summer-house in the middle of the garden, and by his personal and repeated orders a space in front of the gateway of the fort was cleared with much difficulty, and twelve guns were placed so as to bear on the wooden portals, at a distance of not more than thirty-five or forty yards in front of them. The scene at this moment was of a strange and fearful character,—the dense mass of fierce men heaving to and fro almost up to the walls of the fort like an angry sea beating against a rock. The tumult of their wild music and still wilder cries at the host clamoured to be led to the attack was stunning. Soon, however, the horror took another form. The entire circle of guns—about two hundred and thirty pieces of artillery—simultaneously opened a fire of blank cartridge. This was done probably in the expectation of terrifying the defenders of the fort, but if so about fifty rounds from each gun were thrown away to no purpose. The effect, however, of this firing was awful,—stunning all, besieged as well as besiegers, and shaking the fort even to the old foundations laid by the Emperor Akbar. At length the firing ceased suddenly, and then ensued a calm and silence so profound that the stillness was not less awful than the previous uproar. Not a sound, not a whisper was heard on either side as the besiegers waited to ascertain the effect of this singular assault. Then the twelve guns pointed at the Hazoorie Bagh gate were quietly loaded,—ball cartridge with a canister of grape driven home over it. The matches were lit and ready to hurl destruction on the feeble portals. Loud and savage voices were heard, fiercely demanding the opening of the gate. But the call was unheeded:—immediately then the twelve guns were fired at once, and the old wooden gate, with thirty-seven out of thirty-nine men placed inside to defend it, fell before the terrible discharge. The two guns loaded with grape were now all that opposed the entrance of the besiegers, and there was left but one out of sixteen artillerymen to fire them. The besieged were panic-struck for a moment by the fatal effect of the enemy's fire. At this instant a band of two or three hundred Akalees rushed forward over the ruins of the gate and the bodies of its fallen defenders. One of them had advanced so far that he was able to thrust his sword into the muzzle of one of the guns, by way of taking possession of it, when the sole remaining artilleryman, with a little khalasie who attended on him, fired the two guns at once, and nearly a hundred corpses fell out of the mass of men that was rushing forward. The assailants recoiled for a moment before this close and withering fire, and the defenders of the gate were enabled to load and fire their guns again with as destructive an effect as before. Thus the twelve guns drawn up before the gate were almost un-

manned, and the greater number of their horses were killed. This first gleam of success for the besieged was heightened by the promptitude with which the Dogra men, without awaiting orders from Rajah Goolaub Sing, poured their fire of musketry from the walls upon the confused mass below. The effect was that in about ten minutes the Hazoorie Bagh was cleared of all the besiegers, who left behind them about three hundred killed, one hundred wounded, and about fifty prisoners taken by a sally of the Dogras sword in hand."

Certainly England has had terrible proof that the courage of the Sikhs is a thing not to be despised. Major Smyth is of opinion that had they been better officered when they crossed the Sutlej in 1845, they would probably have cut off the march of the British forces at Ferozepore and rolled back the tide of victory on Delhi.

But let us come at once to the revelations; and, on account of her rank and sex, give priority to an account of the origin and history of the famous—and infamous—Ranee Chunda, the reigning queen-mother, the Christina of the East.—

"Munnoo Sing, a poor jat of the Oolak caste, and a native of Gujerawalla, or a small village in its vicinity, at an early age entered the service of Runjeet Sing as a dog-keeper; but, after about fifteen years' faithful service in this humble office, he was raised to the station of a door-keeper. He was, however, always regarded as a sort of buffoon, and in that character was privileged to exercise such wit as he possessed at the expense of the Maharajh and his chiefs even in public durbar. This man was constantly telling Runjeet that he had a daughter, the most beautiful creature in the world, whom he would give the Maharajh as his wife, and that she would make the old monarch young again. After some time he produced the little girl, and for months carried her on his shoulders to the durbar, or wherever Runjeet went. The old chief is said to have been pestered day and night by Munnoo Sing and his importunities; but for some time treated the matter as a joke, and nothing more. Yet he was vain enough to be pleased with the idea that Munnoo and others should believe and call him a fine able *jewan* or young man; and he felt some pride in being the object of the facetious remarks of the court and town on the occasion of his anticipated nuptials with a girl who might pass for his great-grandchild. At length, whether out of one of those whims which were so characteristic of the old Lion, or out of consideration to poor Munnoo, who had taken so much trouble on his account, or to put an end to the buffoonery of which he was the object, he one day eased the shoulders of his would-be father-in-law by committing the girl to the care of one Jewahir Mull, a rich Hindoo merchant of Umrtsir, once Governor of Cashmere, and then in attendance at the Maharajh's Court. This man received orders to take the young Chunda home with him, and to rear her up at his house in Umrtsir. Munnoo was overjoyed at this happy result of his labours, and in his exultation ventured to tell the Maharajh that as the world had now recognized him, Munnoo, as his father-in-law, it mattered little whether he did so or not. On this Runjeet told him, as he had often done before, that he was nothing better than a downright Booroowah—*anglicé*, a pimp. However, the young Chunda was sent to Umrtsir, where she remained for four or five years in the house of Jewahir Mull. There she might have remained in quiet much longer, her guardian receiving for her maintenance forty-five rupees a month—but that she had even at so early an age won for herself a character for pertness, forwardness, and something even worse. So loose and immodest was her conduct that Jewahir Mull, fearing perhaps that the contagion of her vices might spread to the members of his own virtuous family, informed the Maharajh that he could not allow the young Chunda to remain in his house any longer. \*\* The old monarch was well pleased to have such disclosures made in the presence of the girl's father, Munnoo Sing, whose confusion he enjoyed. Moreover, anticipating considerable amusement from that pertness and forwardness which the girl was said to exhibit, and from her generally precocious character, Runjeet

readily consented to relieve Jewahir Mull of his charge, and the young lady was brought to Lahore to enliven the night scenes in the palace. Here she enacted a character almost similar to that which her father had performed before her, that of a licensed buffoon, her business being to put to shame all, both men and women, who were in any degree less depraved or less shameless than herself. \*\* In nine or ten months afterwards the present Maharajh Dul-  
welling Sing was born."

Since Duleep's accession all the real power of the state has been with the licentious Ranee and her favourite paramour Lal Sing—who in their turn have been completely dominated by a slave girl named Mungela. The histories of these worthies are recorded at full length by Major Smyth from Capt. Gardner's notes: but cannot be transferred to our pages. While these influences reigned at Lahore, the politic old Dogra chief-  
tain kept among his hills plotting and preparing to found an independent kingdom. Lal Sing and the Ranee's court could ill brook the power of the haughty rajpoot; and more than once attempts were made to storm him in his strong-  
hold. Seizing a moment when Goolaub had given mortal offence to the Khalsa, the queen-mother despatched an army to sack Jummoo, his capital, and involve the whole family in ruin. How did he avert the threatening storm? The troops—

"had crossed the Thavée in three divisions, thus investing the place on three sides; and by this time Runjeet Sing Majeteen had advanced from the hills and taken up a position on the fourth side, so that now the town was completely surrounded. Thus straitened, and seeing that his men, whom he treated very ill, were daily deserting in numbers, Goolaub again tried the effect of negotiation. He now sent out Mecan Jewahir Sing, his nephew, and who, as the son of Dehan Sing, was a great favourite with the Khalsa. This young chief had a short interview with Sultan Mahomed and Sham Sing, but he addressed himself principally to the troops, who he knew were most accessible to the arguments which he was instructed to offer, and with whom, as he knew, rested the power to accept or reject his conditions. It is to be observed, too, that from the time when hostilities commenced, Goolaub Sing had constantly a number of the Punches of the Khalsa with him in Jummoo, and that these men, who doubtless had good and substantial reasons for their advocacy, exerted all their influence to secure a favourable reception for Mecan Jewahir Sing and his terms. Further to ensure success to his negotiations, the Rajah himself now went out among the soldiers, and he declared that he and his family were as they ever had been the creatures and slaves of the Khalsa, and that nothing should induce him to raise his hand against them. He declared, too, that though he might appear grasping and cruel in the extortion of money, it must be remembered that he sought to amass wealth only for the service of the Khalsa. He added another and a more powerful appeal to their forbearance, when he told them that he was the last of his family who knew where the vast treasures of his house lay hid, and that if he were put to death this secret would die with him. To enforce and illustrate this declaration, he would direct the Sikhs to repair to certain places around Jummoo, where, by attending to the marks and signs which he gave them, they found large sums of buried money,—fifteen, twenty, and even forty thousand rupees in one place, and which but for Goolaub's disclosure might have lain hid for ever. It was thus that the Rajah gained the title which the soldiers bestowed on him of the *Sona ka Kookoorie*, or the Golden Hen. By such means, by flattering speeches, by promises and bribes, Goolaub Sing entirely brought over the troops to his interest without troubling himself about the views or opinions of their leaders. The terms he offered did not satisfy the chiefs, but they pleased the soldiers, and that was all the Rajah cared for. These terms were that each man of the entire Seik army should receive a gold bangle or armlet and twenty-five rupees in cash. The first object of this offer was to attach to the interests of the Rajah the four battalions of Avitabile's division, the Povindea division, and that of General

Court, and not only to ensure his personal safety and respect, but that, if he went with them to Lahore, his rank and power should be upheld, and that he should be made Wuzeer."

Ever fortunate, Goolaub turns his great misfortune into success in life. Out of the ruins of his country he has at length carved, by the help of Major Smyth and English friends, an independent throne for himself. It will not be Major Smyth's fault if he enjoys it long. That our statesmen have been over-reached by the cunning Asiatic there is no longer a doubt: but after reading the history of the Lahore chieftain we cannot but acknowledge that Goolaub Sing is distinguished from his countrymen yet more by his abilities than by his vices. He is thus painted by Major Smyth:—

"The character of Goolaub Sing as exhibited in these early days of his power was one of the most repulsive it is possible to imagine. Ambitious, avaricious, and cruel by nature, he reduced the exercise of his cruelty to a system for the promotion of the objects which his ambition and avarice led him to seek. He exercised the most ruthless barbarities, not in the heat of conflict or the flush of victory only, nor in the rage of an offended sovereign against rebellious subjects; he deliberately committed the most horrible atrocities for the purpose of investing his name with a terror that should keep down all thoughts of resistance to his cruel sway. With all this he was courteous and polite in demeanour, and exhibited a suavity of manner and language that contrasted fearfully with the real disposition to which it formed an artfully-designed but still transparent covering. He would be all things to all men, and displayed a readiness to adapt himself to the circumstances even of the humblest of his subjects that would have won all hearts, had not the tiger-nature that crouched beneath this fair-seeming exterior rendered him an object of distrust and terror. His character is thus sketched by the most vigorous hand of one who knew him well: 'He is an eater of opium, he tells long stories, keeps irregular hours, sleeps little, has a mind unsettled, offers little, promises less, but gives his word; has good memory; free, humorous and intimate even with the lowest and poorest classes of his subjects. The partaker and often the companion of their toil and labour, seeming or acting their very diligent, careful and instructing father, their sorrowful and heart-broken mother, their very intimate and laborious village brother, their free, jocular and humorous neighbour, their kind and continual visitor,—yet with all this, in reality a very leech, sucking their life's blood, the shameless slave-trade of their sons and daughters, brothers, sisters, wives and families. The would-be great merchant of the East; the very jack-of-all-trades, the usurer, the turnpenny, the briber and the bribed. The Jew shopkeeper of both old and new shoes, cloths, &c. The very pawnbroker, the very purchaser and retaker of his own alms.'"

These extracts will have shown the reader the quality of Major Smyth's book. He writes clearly, and with spirit. We must, however, take critical objection to such a plentiful sprinkling of eastern words as his pages discover. Our Indian literature, if this impropriety goes on, will decline into mere jargon and jumble. The transplantation of native terms—especially where we have no equivalents—may be justifiable, but such a privilege should be sparingly made use of, and never without an explanation. In reading the work under notice we have frequently been driven to our vocabularies. This is not as it should be. Writers who compose with a view to being read and understood in England must condescend to write the vernacular—if they would not fail in their object.

*Dante's Divine Comedy: the Inferno.* A Literal Prose Translation. By John A. Carlyle, M.D. Chapman & Hall. EVERY serious attempt to render Dante more intelligible is worthy of respect,—and no attempt

has yet been made which can rival the present by Dr. Carlyle. His translation is not to be considered as an endeavour to supply the place of such poetical versions as those of Cary and Wright; it makes no pretence to reproduce in English the potency and splendour of the original,—it sets up no claim as a work of Art. Its aim is utility, its claim fidelity. Dr. Carlyle's original intention was simply to publish an edition of the Italian text with such brief English commentary as he considered indispensable. The prose translation is an expansion of this idea. Its utility is obvious. There are hundreds of those who can read "something" of Italian who dare not venture upon Dante,—frightened by the wearisomeness of looking out words in the dictionary, and unaccustomed to the brief, pregnant style of the great Florentine. These may now enjoy the text; for on the same page there is a literal translation to clear up all verbal difficulties and a carefully-considered mass of brief notes to explain all allusions.

To those who know nothing of Italian we fear this literal version will, however, be meagre fare. The vital spark of poetry is absent,—the cinders of prose are left. Its very literality kills. Thus, to give one instance in lieu of a hundred, Francesca, telling her exquisitely pathetic story,

Noi leggevamo un giorno per diletto  
Di Lancelotto, come amor lo strinse

which Dr. Carlyle renders, like a dictionary, "One day, for pastime, we read of Lancelot, how love constrained him." *Lo strinse* here means "enthralled him" or "enchainged him"; one talks of love "constraining" a man. The point we notice is of peculiar importance in so great a poet as Dante, whose potent use of verbs has never been surpassed. Great and various as his power of creating pictures in a few lines unquestionably is, he owes that power to the directness, simplicity, and intensity of his language. In him "the invisible becomes visible," as Leigh Hunt says, "darkness becomes palpable, silence describes a character, a word acts as a flash of lightning which displays some gloomy neighbourhood wherè a tower is standing, with dreadful faces at the window."

Dr. Carlyle's own estimate of Dante is, of course, exalted. With somewhat of his brother's peculiarities of thought and diction he replies to the criticism which one of our poets recently put forth respecting Dante's intolerance and fierceness, contrasting them with the "mild reading-desks of the Church of England."

The contemporary Historians, or Chroniclers, of Florence and other parts of Italy were afterwards studied, in connexion with Dante and his earliest commentators; and here the meaning of the great Poem began to unfold itself in detail, and apart from its mere literary merits. It became significant in proportion as it was felt to be true—to be, in the sincerest, the strongest, and warmest utterance that had ever come from any human heart since the time of the old Hebrew Prophets. Diligent readers of those *Contemporary historians* will find that the Poet, amongst other things, took the historical facts of his age, and took them with surprising accuracy and transcendent impartiality, denouncing nothing, exaggerating nothing, though often rising into very high fervour and indignation. They will also find that there was enough in those old times to excite a great, earnest, far-seeing man, such as Dante; and send him into the depths and heights of Prophetic Song. Those times had already produced Sicilian Vespers, and tragedies enough; and carried within them the seeds of Bartholomew Massacres, of Thirty-Years Wars, and French Revolutions, and the state of things that we now see over the whole Continent of Europe and elsewhere. They were times of transition, like our own—the commencement of a New Era, big with vast energies and elements of change; and 'the straight way was

lost.' It is only the phraseology, the apparatus, and outward circumstances that are remote and obsolete: all else is the same with us as with Dante. Our horizon has grown wider than his: our circum-navigators do not find that Mount of Purgatory on the other side of the globe; the Continents of America stand revealed in his Western Hemisphere of Ocean; the Earth is no longer the 'fixed and stable' Centre of our Universe: but the great principles of truth and justice remain unaltered. And to those amongst ourselves, who, with good and generous intentions, have spoken lightly and unwisely concerning Dante, one has to say—not without sadness: Study him better. His ideas of Mercy, and Humanity, and Christian Freedom, and the means of attaining them, are not the same as yours: not the same, but unspeakably larger and sounder. He felt the infinite distance between Right and Wrong, and had to take that feeling along with him. And those gentle qualities of his, which you praise so much, lie at the root of his other heroic qualities, and are inseparable from them. All anger and indignation, it may safely be said, were much more painful to him than they can be to you. The Dante you have criticised is not the real Dante, but a mere scarecrow—seen through the unhealthy mist of your sentimentalism. Why do you keep preaching your impracticable humanities, and saying, Peace, peace; when there is no peace? Is there nothing within your own daily observation or experience to make you seek for surer footing, and prevent you from trying to heal the foulest ulcers by merely hiding them, and talking mildly about them? Have you not this very year beheld the whole of a great nation, franticly, and with world-wide re-echo, proclaiming universal Brotherhood, and Freedom, and Equality, on hollow grounds; and then, within four short months, as a natural and inevitable consequence, slaughtering each other by thousands? The humanest men of all countries are beginning to grow sick and weary of such expensive sham humanities."

For those who wish to relish Dante's poetry and know nothing of Italian, this translation, as we before said, will have few charms,—but for the Italian student it will offer solid attractions. The text has been settled with scrupulous care; and the foot-notes are models of brevity and clearness,—nothing superfluous being thrust in to exhibit the commentator's learning or ingenuity, no difficulty being evaded. As an edition of 'The Inferno' the book is valuable,—as a translation it is very useful.

*The Life of Maximilien Robespierre; with Extracts from his Unpublished Correspondence.* By G. H. Lewes. Chapman & Hall. It is perhaps in the very nature of "things human" that there shall always be an order of historic men whose merits or demerits cannot be discussed and settled with calmness and impartiality. These are chiefly men who have identified themselves with ideas—with doctrines—with the moral and spiritual interests of the world: men who have made themselves the champions of aggressive thought and revolutionary principles—of political theories and special forms of civilization. Every great crisis in the world's development has produced one of this order, and added to the list of historical "anomalies." With all ordinary men—heroes, orators, thinkers,—the Egyptian mode of judgment is enough: the tribunal called over the embalmed and unburied body may be considered fair and competent to its task. But not so with the men who have invented excesses—stirred human passions to their profoundest depths—marshalled great sects, and antagonized the world: while the interests and ideas which they championed are still in conflict, there can be no fair trial, no irreversible judgment pronounced upon them. And reasonably so. Though dead, the name is still a power. Such men can hardly be said to die. The essence of their life remains. Hence, while the partisans of their ideas deem them nearly gods,

their foes denounce them as little short of demons. To expect justice from exasperated enemies is vain: the thought may not tend to inflame our pride in human nature, but all history shows that it is useless. Centuries must pass away ere justice can be done. The place of Socrates was not assigned until his ideas had ceased to interest the passions and the convictions of men. We are only now beginning to deal fairly with Hannibal: while the Roman system held its empire over minds, there was no hope of our honestly weighing the claims of the Punic champion. It was necessary to gain a Teutonic point of view before we could see anything in that colossal character beyond a brave and "perfidious" soldier. How differently do the Eastern and the Western Worlds regard Mohammed! Europeans have the same difficulty with the lawgiver as the Romans had with the statesman and warrior. Not until the Arabian faith and form of civilization shall have wholly ceased to cause us apprehension, shall we be able to do him justice. Luther is another example:—so is Cromwell. These names are things,—the men who owned them incarnated ideas.

Robespierre belonged to the order, and he shares its fortunes. Socrates represented free thought—Hannibal, Semitic civilization—Mohammed, unity of the Divine Nature—Luther, spiritual independence—Cromwell, anti-royalism—Robespierre, sovereignty of the masses. It has been, and will continue to be, the fortune of such men to be vilified on one hand and adored on the other. It is only, as we have said, by lapse of time that injustice can be set aside. But such men can afford to wait. Before the history of a great man can be written, says Voltaire, it is necessary that all the witnesses—the sharers in his passions, his triumphs and reverses—should be dead: "just as at Rome before any saint is inserted in the calendar, his mistresses, his pages, his footmen, and his creditors are all entombed."

We are far from the day when a 'Life of Robespierre' can be satisfactorily written. His name is yet a spell-word in France and in Europe—of fear to some, of promise to others. While men with muskets in their hands invoke his memory on gigantic barricades, terror and hate will prevent that calm sifting of evidence which is demanded at the bar of History. Maximilien Robespierre organized and formulated extreme democratic opinion: the Constitution of 1793 and the Declaration of Rights prefixed to it—his work—still constitute the text and rallying cry of all ultras in politics. His name is, therefore, a gage of war with moderation. The name of Luther is not more closely associated with the principles of the Reformation than that of Robespierre with the extreme ideas of the Revolution. His partisans in France are more numerous than ever: even in England and in Germany his followers—the partisans of his doctrines—are more powerful than is generally supposed. This accounts for the violence with which he is assailed and defended. It would make a curious paragraph to collect a list of "titles" given by those who have written on Robespierre, from Montjoie to Mr. Lewes. From "sanguinary fiend" to "godlike hero" the epithets run through the entire vocabulary of abuse and adulation.

It is no part of our function to pronounce judgment in face of such conflicting opinions:—for, in truth, any decision that is given on this subject is given not so much upon the individual as upon the political system with which he is identified. This is so clearly the case, that, given the political creed of any writer, it is almost known what he will say of the great Tribune. The royalist Montgommery, the bour-

geois Thiers, the republican Lamartine and Louis Blanc—and all the writers of their various schools—pursue this method and illustrate this assertion. The biography of Maximilien Robespierre is therefore properly a history of the formulation of ultra-democratic opinions in France; and it is consequently not a work exactly within our jurisdiction. We will confine ourselves to literary criticism.

Mr. Lewes seems to have compiled this 'Life' in great haste; for it abounds with faults not common to his works,—such as false grammar, idioms not known to model English, and careless diction. It would be easy to offer abundant proofs of this carelessness:—but a few will suffice. In the chapter where the execution of Louis the Sixteenth is described, we find this judicial decision on the event. "Clemency, no less than political philosophy, teaches us that it was a mistaken act." What confusion of ideas! Clemency does not *teach*: it is its nature to *persuade*. And then, how can it persuade that the act was a *mistake*? That is a question of science, to be settled only by a chain of reasoning. What Mr. Lewes would have said had he revised his papers with proper care, would have been something like this—Clemency suggests that the act was inhuman; political philosophy teaches us that it was needless.—Then his appeal to human nature and to historical science jointly would have been apposite. Another passage which we may cite in illustration begins in this theatrical fashion:—"Mirabeau, the great Mirabeau, has been tampered with by the court,—has sold himself to it. When I say sold himself [one would think this hardly needed explanation, but mark] I, of course, mean he has been *paid* . . . Corrupt he was because he was paid; but he was not *bought*." We despair of making anything of this. The qualification is worthy of Sir Arthur Hodmedod himself. This comes, we suppose, of haste:—as do still graver lapses. As in reading Clarendon, we find here a perpetual disagreement between the facts set forth and the opinions expressed. For instance, on one page we are told that Robespierre dishonestly and with a corrupt intention flattered the vices and inflamed the bad passions of the masses:—and yet half-a-dozen pages onward, we are shown that the masses were passionately determined to adopt the *bonnet rouge* and commence a war of principles against the monarchical powers—exactly as the very ultras wished to do in 1848—and that Robespierre set himself resolutely to oppose these passions, and succeeded in curbing them by his eloquence and firmness, much as Lamartine did in the recent Revolution! We are not here debating the correctness of Mr. Lewes's opinions—we have no intention of embarking on that angry sea of polemics—but merely noting the inconsequential nature of his assertions when compared with his facts. Could we enter with him into the politics of the period, we should have to correct many, and to qualify still more, of his dogmata.

Whatever opinion may be entertained of Robespierre's revolutionary career, there can be no dispute as to the purity of his life and character in what Mr. Lewes, with the licence of a novelist, calls the "dull, dark Arras period." Several expressions in the narrative lead us to doubt whether the biographer has ever been in Arras. It is not so miserable a town as he supposes, nor does the bishop's palace occupy half the area. These strong contrasts should be reserved for fiction; and passages like this — "I suppose that all boys have loved; especially boys who write verses, however bad; and I assume, therefore, that some affection did shed its sunny influence over a brief portion of this Arras period. His heart doubtless beat

for some blue-eyed girl, &c." — are inadmissible in true history. On the title-page Mr. Lewes, or his publisher, promises "extracts from the unpublished correspondence" of his hero; but with the exception of one short letter, we do not notice a line of new matter. This letter, for a copy of which Mr. Lewes is indebted to M. Louis Blanc, is certainly curious, as exhibiting the state of mind in which not only Robespierre himself, but the whole of cultivated France, was just before the Revolution broke out. We quote it before —

"Sir,—There is no such thing as pleasure unless it be shared among friends. I am about to give you a sketch, therefore, of what I have enjoyed these last few days. Don't expect a book of travels! For several years the public has been so prodigiously overstocked with that kind of work, that it may well be satiated with them now. I can conceive an author who has made a journey of five leagues, celebrating it in prose and verse; and yet what is that adventurous enterprise compared with the one I have executed? I have not only travelled five leagues, I have travelled six; and such leagues, that the opinion of the inhabitants of this country would go to prove that they were equal to seven ordinary leagues. And nevertheless I will not tell you a single word respecting my journey: I regret it, for your sake; you lose much. It would have offered you some adventures which would have been infinitely interesting: those of Ulysses and Telemachus were nothing by their side. We started at five in the morning. Our car quitted the gates of the city at precisely the same moment as the chariot of the sun sprang from the bosom of the ocean. It was adorned with a cloth, of brilliant white, one portion of which floated, breathed on by the zephyrs. It was thus we passed the *aubette des Commiss<sup>es</sup>* in triumph. As you may suppose, I did not fail to cast my eyes on them. I wished to ascertain whether these Arguses would not give the lie to their ancient reputation; and, animated with a noble emulation, I dared to ambition the glory of vanquishing them in politeness, if that was possible. I leant over the side of our car, and taking off the new hat which covered my head, I saluted them with my most graceful smile. I reckoned on a proper return. Would you believe it? These clerks, motionless as the god Terminus at the entrance of their cabin, regarded me fixedly without returning my salute. I have always had an infinite self-love; that mark of contempt cut me to the quick; and for the rest of the day my temper was unbearable. Meanwhile our coursers bore us onwards with a rapidity which the imagination can scarcely conceive. It seemed as if they wished to emulate the fleetness of the coursers of the sun who flew over our heads; in the same bold spirit as that which dictated my chivalrous *assaut de politesse* with the clerks at the Meaulenis Gate. With one bound they cleared the Faubourg St. Catherine; a second bound carried us to the square at Sens. We stayed a short time in that town. I profited by the

stayed a short time in that town. I profited by the delay to examine the beauties it presents to the curiosity of the traveller. While the rest were breakfasting, I ascended the hill upon which the Calvary is placed. From that point my eyes wandered forth with a mingled sentiment of sadness and exultation upon the vast plain where Condé, at twenty, gained that famous victory over the Spaniards which saved France. But an object interesting for other reasons next absorbed my attention—the Hôtel de Ville. It is remarkable neither for its greatness nor its magnificence; but it has not the less claim upon my attention—it does not the less inspire me with lively interest. This modest edifice, said I, meditatively, is the sanctuary where the hunchback T..., with his blonde wig, holding the balance of Themis in his hand, formerly weighed with great impartiality the claims of his co-citizens. Minister of Justice and the favourite of Esculapius, he passed a sentence and then wrote a prescription. The criminal and the patient were equally terrified by his presence; and this great man, by virtue of his double office, was in possession of the most extensive power that man ever exercised over his fellow-citizens. In my enthusiasm I could not rest until I had penetrated within the walls of this Hôtel de Ville. I wanted

to see the *salle d'audience*; I wanted to see the tribunal of the *Ecchevins*. I ransack the town to find the porter. He comes; he opens; I run into the salle. Seized with a holy awe I fall on my knees in this temple, and kiss with transports the seat which was formerly pressed by the great T..... It was thus that Alexander knelt at the tomb of Achilles, and that Cesar paid his respects to the monument which contained the ashes of the conqueror of Asia! We remounted our conveyance. Scarcely had I comfortably settled myself on a bundle of straw when Carvins rose into view. At the sight of this happy spot we all burst forth into a shout of joy, comparable to that which burst from the Trojans escaped from the disasters of *Ilos* (sic MS.) when they perceived the shores of Italy. The inhabitants of this village, gave us a welcome which was an ample compensation for the indifference of the clerks at the Meaulnes gate. Citizens of every class manifested their enthusiasm for us. The cobblers arrested his awl, about to pierce a sole, that he might contemplate us at leisure; the barber abandoned his half-shaved chin, and rushed out before us, naked; the huswife, to satisfy her curiosity, braved the perils of a burnt tart; I actually saw three glasses break off in the midst of an animated conversation to rush to the window. In short, we tasted that satisfaction, so flattering to our self-love, of seeing a numerous people occupied with us. How pleasant it is to travel! I said to myself. It is with great truth that one is never a prophet in one's own land. At the gates of your own town you are despised; six leagues beyond it you are a personage worthy of public curiosity. I was occupied with these wise reflections when we arrived at the house which was the end of our voyage. I will not attempt to depict the transports of tenderness which broke forth in our embraces. It was a spectacle to have drawn tears from your eyes. In history I know but one scene of the kind to compare with it. When Eneas, after the fall of Troy, lands in Epirus with his fleet, and there meets with Helenus and Andromache, whom destiny had placed upon the throne of Pyrrhus, it is said their meeting was most affecting. I have no doubt Eneas had an excellent heart. Helenus, the best Trojan in the world, and Andromache, the amiable widow of Hector, shed many tears and sighed many sighs on this occasion. I am willing to believe that their transports were not inferior to ours, but after Eneas, Helenus, Andromache, and us, you must let the curtain fall (*il faut tirer l'échelle*). Since our arrival all our time has been occupied with pleasures. Ever since last Saturday I have been eating tarts. Destiny has willed that my bed should be placed in a room which is the dépôt of the pastry. That was exposing me to the temptation of eating tarts all night! But I reflected that it was noble to subdue one's passions, and I slept therefore, though in the midst of these seductive objects. It is true I made up during the day for this long abstinence (*Robespierre's* enthusiasm here breaks forth in verse, and for a moment I cease to translate.)

Je te rends grace, ô toi qui d'une main habile,  
Fagonnant le premier une pâle docile,  
Presentas aux mortels ce mets délicieux.  
Mais ont-ils reconnu ce bienfait précieux ?  
De tes divins talents consacrant la mémoire,  
Leur zèle a-t-il dressé des autels à ta gloire ?  
Cens peuples, prodiguent leur encens et leurs vœux,  
Ont rempli l'univers des temples et de dieux :  
Ils ont tous oublié ce sublime génie,  
Qui pour eux sur la terre apporta l'ambroisie ;  
La tarte en leurs festins domine avec honneur,  
Mais daignent-ils songer à son premier auteur ?

" Of all the traits of ingratitude which the human race has been guilty of towards its benefactors, that is the one which has always most revolted me. It is for the Artesians to expiate it; seeing that the opinion of all Europe pronounces that they know the value of the tart better than every other people. Their glory calls upon them to build a temple to its inventor. I will confess to you, between ourselves, that I have drawn up a project to that effect, which I propose presenting to the Artesian States. I count upon the powerful support of the clergy. But to eat tarts is nothing; one must eat them in good company. I have enjoyed that advantage. Yesterday I received the greatest honour to which I could ever aspire. I dined with three lieutenants and the son of a bailli. The whole magistrature of the

houring villages was assembled at our table. In the centre of this senate shone monsieur the lieutenant of Carins, like Calypso amidst her nymphs. Ah! if you could have seen with what affability he conversed with the rest of the company, as if he were an ordinary mortal; with what indulgence he approved of the champagne which was poured out for him; with what a satisfied air he seemed to smile at the reflection of his image in the glass! I saw all that; yes I..., and yet observe how hard it is to content the heart of man! All my desires are not yet satisfied. I am preparing to return to Arras; and I hope to find greater pleasure in seeing you than even in all that above described! We shall meet with the same satisfaction as Ulysses and Telemacus after twenty years of absence. I shall have no difficulty in reconciling myself to the loss of my baillies and lieutenants. (However seductive a lieutenant may be, believe me, madame, he can never enter into comparison with you. His countenance, even when champagne has tinged it with a soft carnation, does not present the charm which Nature alone has given to yours; and the company of all the baillies of the universe never can compensate for your agreeable conversation.)—I remain, with the sincerest expression of friendship, sir, your very humble and very obedient servant,

“DE ROBESPIERRE.”

Where was this man and what doing a little decade after this playful letter was written? We cannot make out that Mr. Lewes had any mission to write the life of a revolutionary hero like Robespierre. He has added nothing to, subtracted nothing from, what was before the world already. After Lamartine, little can be said to any purpose until a new era shall have dawned;—the man must be separated in interest from the ideas which he incarnated before a final re-opening of his case can be made. Mr. Lewes is not a political bigot; but he is a decided partisan. His philosophical prejudices are strong. He has a system, a foregone conclusion, by which he tests his hero:—a plan as full of danger as the democratic or aristocratic methods of rival biographers. He believes in what he calls “Fanatics.” Robespierre is his ideal of a political fanatic:—and he writes this book to prove him one. “Here,” he says, “we see the germ of a fanatic—the man who recognized no claim of sentiment; no piety, but piety towards truth and those eternal principles of justice which human feelings may pervert but cannot wholly subdue.” Whether Robespierre were this kind of person we will not pretend to say: Mr. Lewes asserts it, and condemns him for it. Let us give a favourable specimen of our author’s manner. It is in point, and aims at combining the pictorial and philosophical.—

“Through the yellow glare of the glimmering lamps, through the dull fog, in the Rue St. Honoré, may be seen a dark dense multitude, all wending to the door of the convent of the Jacobins.\* It is there that the agents of insurrection every morning come to receive orders from the Lameths, or the money of the Duke of Orleans from Laclos. Let us enter. The place is badly lighted, but the meeting is numerous and imposing. Voices which resound here, find echoes all over France, and France, from every one of her departments, pours in her news, true or false, and her accusations, just or unjust. This is the centre of all the clubs. The dark church is very solemn. There are a vast number of deputies present, and men who were hereafter to be famous and infamous. At the door, to examine the cards of admission, are two censors: Lais the singer, and a handsome youth, the promising pupil of Madame de Genlis, the son of the Duke of Orleans, who will afterwards teach mathematics in Geneva, in England, in America; will be raised to the throne by barricades; and, by barricades, after seventeen years of corrupt rule, once more to exile in England. It is the young Louis Philippe. At the bureau there is a dark-looking man, smiling. It is the agent of the Prince, Laclos, the too-notorious author of the

*Liaisons dangereuses*; himself called *La Liaison la plus dangereuse*. In the tribune is another man, with sad and meagre visage, with threadbare olive-green coat (his only coat), with shrill weak voice, but earnest manner: there is no mistaking Maximilien Robespierre. The anxious crowd are looking for an honest countenance. Some countenances express only intrigue, some fatuity, some insolence, others corruption; but Robespierre’s seems to say *I am honest*. His face which was always melancholy, wore not at this period the spectral and sinister expression which it assumed subsequently. The fine medal still extant expresses a certain benevolence and rectitude, with, however, a strong tension of the muscles. His speeches are entirely on morality, and the interests of the people. He professes principles, nothing but principles. He is not entertaining: his person is austere and melancholy; his style academic and cold; no warm pulse of affection seems to beat in his heart. He is an incarnate syllogism, separating himself from all friends and colleagues: even his former college companions are kept at a distance. Entertaining the man certainly is not, nor is he what one would call attractive, yet he is popular. The partisan of absolute right, the man who constantly spoke of virtue, and whose sad and serious countenance seemed its very image, became the favourite of the people. The more he was disliked by the Assembly, where we have seen him laughed at, and coughed down, the more he was relished by the galleries. So he addressed himself more and more to this second assembly, which represented the people and claimed the right of interfering and hissing its delegates. Robespierre was an actor who, failing in genius, and unable to move the pit and boxes, played to the gods; and their applause he won. We can easily understand how naturally he would acquire an ascendancy at the Jacobins. He was wonderfully audacious, being ever at his post, and speaking on every subject. This not only kept him constantly before his public, but gave him that practice in debate which his want of genius rendered so necessary to him. Many members became tired, sick of the task, and deserted the club; but Robespierre, though he would sometimes tire his auditory, was never tired of hearing himself. Perhaps it was the instinct of his own mediocrity, rather than clear-sightedness, which early led him to see that real power resided in the people, and which made him constitute himself their tribune; and I attribute it to his sincere religious convictions, rather than to any political foresight, such as Michelet discerns, that he should have relied upon the lower clergy (a powerful body of eighty thousand priests), as well as the Jacobins, for his support. He believed that whoever had on his side the Jacobins and the priests would be near possessing everything.”

The papers of the Jacobin Club, now publishing in the *Réforme*, would have helped Mr. Lewes to some matters of interest; and, by the way, we suppose that the “haste” apology—though he does not urge it—must account for the contradiction involved in his assertion of Robespierre’s “insignificance in the Assembly” and his “influence at the Club,” when the biographer had already told us that two days after the death of Mirabeau “the Assembly accepted his domination.” Did Mr. Lewes forget his own correction of M. Michelet’s contradiction? “Michelet contradicts himself when he said [sic] that Club was one of mediocrities. . . . French literature had a majority in it. La Harpe, Chénier, Chamfort, Andrieux, Sédaïne and others were there. There also were several artists: David, Vernet, Larive, and the young Talma.”

We cannot congratulate Mr. Lewes upon this performance. A practised writer could only make such lapses through hurry,—and fail to correct them only by altogether omitting to revise the press. Without regarding the merely party prejudices which more or less disfigure the book, our verdict is decidedly unfavourable to it as a piece of literary and biographical work.

*My Uncle the Curate.* By the Author of ‘The Bachelor of the Albany.’ 3 vols. Chapman & Hall.

Shallum’s self—had Shallum devoted his life to the responsibilities of criticism—could not by antediluvian experience have attained to any pedestal (to speak metaphorically) so high that no wonderment could reach him there. The feeblest poetaster who ever tagged one rhyme to another is not secure against the possibility of uttering a graceful thought in musical lines. We have seen Taglioni dance out of time. The Great Mystic (whose name is too august a word for the uninitiated scorner to utter) may be attacked by a twinge of conscience driving him to roar in English capable of being parsed. We could hardly be more surprised at the most marvellous of the changes adverted to than we are by the mood of the three volumes before us. Caustic we knew the author of ‘The Falcon Family’ to be,—a taste of the farcical we were aware was to be allowed for in the reporter of *The Bachelor of the Albany’s* cure:—but dulness from such a source is astounding. We should as soon have expected a Puseyite novel in earnest from Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh. The fit must be a passing mephit, from which probably our sharp and lively acquaintance has already recovered.

Yet ‘My Uncle the Curate’ is dull beyond dispute:—an Irish novel made up of the commonest characters and materials, without any great cost of philosophy, or pathos, or constructive power. The character who gives his name to the novel is a strong man and a good creature, belonging to the tribe of *Parson Adams*; uncle to two heroines, the one all selfishness and the other all sentiment,—also to a youth who gets enmeshed in the toils of the pattern Irish rake and villain. He is, further, brother-in-law to an amiable rector; which rector’s wife is a *Xantippe*, meant to be “a hit,” but who proves, instead of this, a *congeries* of detestable qualities, possessing as little humanity as the automaton daughter of *Master Coppélus* in Hoffmann’s story. This intolerable Mrs. Spenser (a second wife, by the way) has a toady, in whom *Beckyism* is largely described rather than efficiently displayed. But besides the mistaken taste of making up such a nosegay of weak and unattractive characters, the author of ‘My Uncle the Curate’ has fallen into another error. The English gentleman on whom the love of the story centres is shown at very rare intervals,—being banished from the scene during a good half of the story; and after his first introduction, not allowed to re-enter until our interest has ebbed to a point at which his presence or his absence *in perpetuo* is no longer of any consequence. To bring all these characters together, our novelist has employed the expedient more happily used in *Lady Morgan’s ‘O’Donnell’*,—to wit, a tour. This gives him occasion to say one or two sly and sharp things concerning the state of affairs in the Emerald Isle. Here is a dialogue which, from the artful arrangement of its repartee, would seem to have been rehearsed by the Rector for the benefit of “Saxon invaders.”

“Beauty and gaiety, wit, wine, and worth, made that day’s dinner the most charming of domestic convivialities, and it was succeeded by many equally delightful. The custom was (when the elements were propitious), after the removal of the cloth, to enjoy the dessert and wine *al fresco*, in the portico. One of the pastimes on such occasions was the remarkable echo, mentioned early in our story, and which the rector called his oracle, the mode of consulting it being to frame the question so that the last word, or syllable, would be a plausible answer, on the plan of the well-known dialogue of Erasmus.—

\* I follow Michelet’s description of the club.

\* Now you shall hear, Mr. Vivyan, how well our Echo understands the state of Ireland?—Then he proceeded to catechise the nymph as follows, taking care to pronounce the final words of each sentence in a sufficiently loud tone.—What is the chief source of the evils of Ireland? *Echo. Land.*—What is the state of Munster? *Stir.*—What are they doing in Connaught? *Naught.*—Why don't they reclaim their moorasses? *Asses.*—Should we not excite them to industry? *Try.*—Inform us what the derivation of Erin is? *Erinny.*—Then the curate, with his stentorian lungs, proposed the following interrogatories, shaped with a view to show that the Echo was of his way of thinking. What would you give the Catholics? *Licks.*—Who best deserves a fat rectory? *Tory.*—But the Echo answered questions of another kind, equally to the satisfaction of the company; for, on being asked "In what wine shall we drink the health of Colonel Dabzac?" the airy tongue replied, with the same promptitude and sharp distinctness—*Sack.*"

There are the usual Irish incidents in 'My Uncle the Curate':—such as an abduction, the robbery of a tithe-proctor, and the well-known devices used by the pattern-rake to maintain his ascendancy over his tools. But it may be detected, by his own showing, that the author's heart is not in them. His sentimentalities are but sickly—his grand stage effects are hampered by the conscious reserve of one who is too shrewd to use melo-dramatic excitement and incident without a strong disposition to laugh at

the sound himself hath made.

In brief, romance is not our author's *forte*,—neither, so far as three experiments warrant us in pronouncing, is constructive ingenuity. We think that with a due exercise of thought, concentration and taste in selection, he might aspire to the succession of the author of 'Crotchet Castle,' as a philosophical and sarcastic sketcher of follies on two legs, opinions running rampant, and prejudice taking a Patriot's credit to itself. We have less hope of his ever displaying the sustaining power and the command over varieties of mood which are indispensable to those who would hold the almost-too-wise or almost-too-weary world fast by the Novelist's enchantments.

*The Life and Times of Alfred the Great.* By the Rev. J. A. Giles, D.C.L. Bell.

The name of King Alfred, beyond every other name in our regal annals, has become a "household word" among us. It is therefore not surprising that at a time when so much attention is paid to the earlier portions of our history, a biography of that king whose memory is so popular should have been contemplated; especially as from the time of Spelman, whose life of Alfred was written two hundred years ago, to the present day there has been no attempt, as Dr. Giles remarks, "to make it the subject of a separate study." Since then, the field of historical research has been greatly widened. More attention has been paid to the laws, literature, and general condition of our Saxon forefathers: and "there seems to be a reasonable ground for believing that a new work may be favourably received by those who wish to see the history of their country illustrated with faithful adherence to the accounts which our ancient Chroniclers have left us."

A short sketch of Anglo-Saxon history commences the work; bringing us to the reign of Ethelwolf, — of whom Alfred was the fourth and youngest son. The story of little Alfred's journey to Rome, and his being anointed by the Pope, Leo the Fourth, is well known; but it appears that he made two journeys thither,—the first before he was five years of age, under the care of Swithun, Bishop of Winchester,—and the second, two years later, in 856, in company

with his father, who sojourned there for several months. It was on his return from this pilgrimage, that Ethelwolf was attracted by the beauty of Judith, daughter of Charles the Bald; whom, much to the displeasure of his nobles, he married. Probably from the unsettled state of the royal family—Ethelwolf dying in 858, and his eldest son Ethelbald two years after—the education of Alfred was greatly neglected, so that he remained unable even to read until he had passed his twelfth year. The pretty story how his imagination was awakened and his young energies aroused by the book of poems proffered by his mother, is doubtless well known to our readers; and from the circumstance of his father having married a second wife ere he was seven years old, the praise has been assigned to Judith, — who, a granddaughter of Charlemagne, has very plausibly been considered as more intelligent and better educated than princesses of Saxon race. Dr. Giles, however, has shown, we think conclusively, that it was his own mother, Osburga, who thus stimulated him. The following is the "old original" story, given by Asser, who was not only a contemporary but a most intimate friend of Alfred.

"He was loved by his father and mother, and even by the people generally, above all his brothers, and was educated altogether at the court of the king. As he advanced through the years of infancy and youth his form appeared more comely than that of his brothers; in look, in speech, and in manners he was more graceful than they. His noble nature implanted in him from his cradle a love of wisdom above all things, but—with shame be it spoken!—by the unworthy neglect of his parents and nurses, he remained illiterate even till he was twelve years old or more; but he listened with serious attention to the Saxon poems which he often heard recited, and easily retained them in his docile memory. He was a zealous follower of the chase in all its branches, and hunted with great assiduity and success; for skill and good fortune in this art, as in all others, are among the gifts of God, as we have often also witnessed. Now on a certain day, his mother was showing him and his brothers a Saxon book of poetry which she held in her hand, and said, 'Whichever of you shall the soonest learn this volume shall have it for his own.' Stimulated by these words, or rather by the Divine inspiration, and allured by the beautifully illuminated letter at the beginning of the volume, Alfred spoke before all his brothers, who, though his seniors in age, were not so in grace, and answered, 'Will you really give that book to one of us; that is to say, to him who can first understand and repeat it to you?' At this the mother smiled with satisfaction, and confirmed what she had before said: upon which the boy took the book out of her hand, and went to his master and read it to him, and in due time brought it to his mother and recited it."

Now, at this time Ethelwolf was dead,—and his eldest son, who on his death had married Judith, was dead also; and the year before Alfred attained his twelfth year Judith was no longer in England, having returned to her father in 861. Of the death of Osburga previously to Ethelwolf's second marriage, as Dr. Giles remarks, "we have no record; she was therefore probably living in retirement: and we may add that, presuming Ethelwolf had obtained from the Pontif licence to divorce his first wife that he might marry the beautiful Judith—who it appears was only thirteen years old—this would supply a stronger reason for the hostility of his nobles and the revolt of his eldest son, than the mere unaccustomed honours of queenly state which the weak king is said to have bestowed on his young bride."

But although Alfred mastered the first elements of knowledge, he lamented in after life the difficulty which he had found in obtaining teachers; and wearied probably with his unsuccessful search, he seems to have almost given it up for many years. He was, however, soon to enter upon active life. His second brother died in

866; and his third brother, Ethelred the First, succeeded to what was indeed an uncontested crown, but to an heritage grievously impoverished by the repeated invasions of the Danes. In the first year of his reign the largest and most destructive invasion took place; and it was in aid of the kingdom of Mercia, whose king had supplicated their assistance, that Alfred had his brother commenced that warfare which it was reserved for him at length, after a hundred fights, to bring to a triumphant end.

Ethelred seems to have fought bravely and well; but he, like his two elder brothers, was cut off in the flower of his days,—and Alfred succeeded him in 871. There is much obscurity about the earlier years of Alfred's reign; and Dr. Giles has carefully devoted two chapters to the question, whether these years were really marked by that tyrannical conduct which, as some writers have asserted, alienated the affections of his subjects and compelled him to flee to the marshes of Somersetshire? Amid conflicting statements of the monkish chroniclers the truth seems impossible to be elicited; but it certainly seems, contemplating Alfred's after life, far more likely that repeated defeats by the Danes drove him to the isle of Athelney than that his own subjects took part against him. It was here that the adventure of the cakes is said to have taken place. This narrative we subjoin from Asser, who first told it.

"It happened on a certain day that the country-woman, wife of the cowherd, was preparing some loaves to bake, and the king, sitting at the hearth, was making ready his bow and arrows, with other warlike instruments. The unlucky woman, seeing the cakes burning at the fire, ran up to remove them, and rebuking the king, exclaimed, 'Why don't you turn the cakes when you see them burning? you will be glad enough to eat them when they are hot!' The blundering woman little thought that it was King Alfred, who had fought so many battles against the pagans and gained so many victories over them." Dr. Giles gives us three other versions by later writers, which afford additional proof of the importance of adhering—on more important points than the cakes, we mean—to *contemporary* testimony; for these relations afford admirable specimens of how a story never loses by being repeated,—the latest of them giving, indeed, by far the most full and particular account, although the writer lived more than three hundred years after. It has generally been supposed that Alfred was a fugitive for a whole twelvemonth; but five months appears to have been the utmost time, and then the decisive battle of Ethandune again restored him to his kingdom.

The site of this victory Dr. Giles inclines to think was "Eddington, about six miles from Leigh and not more than ten from Clay Hill," in the vicinity of Westbury. It is very near "Bratton Castle," which still retains proofs of its having been a Danish encampment; and on the south-west side of the hill "a white horse in a walking attitude" is still to be seen cut out of the chalk, a hundred feet high and a hundred feet long,—undoubtedly a triumphal emblem.

This battle was the turning point of Alfred's career; and henceforward he was to prove that,

"Peace has her victories nor less renowned than War." Astonishing were the vigour and activity with which he set about his new duties. The states of the Heptarchy might now be considered to be well nigh consolidated into one; and even the Danes, who had largely colonized Mercia, acknowledged Alfred as their ruler. For this comparatively large population Alfred's first effort was to find instructors; and he sent about seeking learned men, who busied themselves in translating books into Saxon and providing schools. The long extracts on this

subject which Dr. Giles has given from the pleasant narrative of Asser are very interesting; and we regret that so large a portion of the earlier chapters should have been devoted to the story of his wars. The account of how carefully he educated his children, causing them to read and write both Saxon and Latin,—and how Edward and Ethelswitha “are continually in the habit of making use of books,”—seems strange to the reader who imagines that until the revival of letters England was in thick darkness. But the most interesting account is that of the earnest toil with which Alfred himself, now in middle age, sought to supply the deficiencies of his early education and to translate portions of the Scriptures for the benefit of his subjects. The following passage gives a graphic picture of the eagerness of the king for instruction. It is also from Asser.

“On a certain day we were both of us sitting in the king's chamber, talking on all kinds of subjects, as usual, and it happened that I read to him a quotation out of a certain book. He listened to it with the utmost attention, and addressed me with a thoughtful mind, showing me at the same moment a book which he carried in his bosom wherein the daily courses, and psalms, and prayers, which he had read in his youth, were written, and he commanded me to write the same quotation in that book. Hearing this, and perceiving his ingenuous benevolence and devout desire of studying the words of Divine Wisdom, I gave, though in secret, boundless thanks to Almighty God, who had implanted such a love of wisdom in the king's heart. But I could not find any empty space in that book wherein to write the quotation, for it was already full of various matters; wherefore I made a little delay, principally that I might stir up the mind of the king to a higher acquaintance with the Divine testimonies. Upon his urging me to make haste and write it quickly, I said to him, ‘Are you willing that I should write that quotation upon some leaf apart? For it is not certain whether we shall not find one or more other such extracts which will please you; and if that should so happen, we shall be glad that we have kept them apart.’ ‘Your plan is good,’ said he; and I gladly made haste to get ready a sheet, in the beginning of which I wrote what he bade me; and on that same day I wrote therein, as I had anticipated, no less than three other quotations which pleased him; and from that time we daily talked together and found out other quotations which equally pleased him, so that the sheet became full, and deservedly so; according as it is written: ‘The just man builds upon a moderate foundation, and gradually passes to greater things.’ Thus, like a productive bee, he flew here and there, asking questions as he went, until he had eagerly and unceasingly collected many various flowers of the divine Scripture, with which he thickly stored the cells of his mind. Now, when that first quotation was copied he was eager at once to read and to interpret in Saxon, and then to teach others.”

This book he called his Handbook, and from it probably the translations attributed to Alfred were made. A work of Pope Gregory for the use of the priests was translated by him into the Saxon tongue,—also Boethius's ‘Consolations of Philosophy.’ ‘Orosius,’ also, in which he has omitted some chapters, but supplied their place by others of greater interest,—since they comprise a description of the principal tribes of Germany in his own time, and an account of the voyages of Othoro toward the North seas and of Wulfstan to the Baltic. His greatest work was the translation of Bede's ‘Ecclesiastical History.’ “This was executed on the same principles which guided the king in his other works, and is of great use as a commentary on the original text of Bede.” Other works have been assigned to Alfred, but on very spurious testimony.

To the useful arts Alfred paid great attention. The story how he caused candles to be made which should indicate the hours, and how when,

“owing to the violence of the wind which blew night and day through the doors and windows of the churches,” he found they could not answer their purpose, he “ordered a lantern to be beautifully constructed of wood and white ox-horn, which when skilfully planed till it is thin is no less transparent than a vessel of glass,” is well known to school readers; but it affords a strong proof of the great ingenuity of the king. This passage in part has been sometimes quoted to show how scarce—indeed almost unknown—glass was; but we find Asser expressly referring to “vessels of glass.” At Rome and Byzantium we know there were such; and the monarch who not merely sent a yearly embassy to Rome, but twice to the farthest East, could easily have obtained a glass lantern. We think, therefore, he adopted the horn plates to encourage his subjects to use his clever invention,—like an enlightened ruler setting himself the example. That Alfred should be “a mighty hunter” was the characteristic of his race; and the importance of encouraging his nobles to pursue the mimic war of the chace as a means of preserving the active and vigilant habits that would fit them for actual warfare, probably arose to his mind. That he possessed the artificer's skill in works of gold and silver we cannot, however, believe. Comparatively rude as is the workmanship of the curious jewel made by his command which is given as the frontispiece of this book, still many a laborious day with hammer and graver must have been past ere the hand would have become sufficiently skilful even to finish that. In all such works great manipulative skill is required, and this can only be obtained by long and continued practice. We think, therefore, that the assertion “he taught his workers in gold and artificers of all kinds” rather means that he suggested new forms or patterns, and probably drew them. It were to be wished that some specimens of his buildings had come down to our times. The opinion which viewed the Saxons as unable to construct buildings save of rubble is now passing away; indeed from the frequent mention by the later Saxon writers of “buildings of hewn stone,” as well as from the fact that there was constant intercourse between Rome and England, it is difficult to believe that the splendour of the Roman churches would not be imitated, although probably at a wide distance, by the Saxons. It is probable, too, that the recollections of that wonderful city, so rich in the remains of her most glorious days, dwelt in the mind of Alfred, and impelled him “to build houses majestic and good, beyond all the precedents of his ancestors;” but it shows his wisdom that while in learning and in the useful and ornamental arts he was willing to take lessons from the ancient world, in his laws and institutions he chose to adhere to those free principles which his forefathers brought with them from their pine forests. On this portion of the subject we cannot now enter, as it belongs rather to the history of the Saxon Commonwealth. That Alfred watched over the administration of his laws with earnest care, and that “the poor had no other protector but the king,” is the highest eulogy that could be pronounced upon him.

Ere the close of this illustrious reign the Danes again commenced their invasions. Alfred, however, closed his days in peace, at the early age of fifty-two, leaving a memory which is deservedly enshrined among the most hallowed associations of Englishmen.—Dr. Giles has bestowed much creditable labour on this work, which has evidently been “labour of love.” We wish, however, that he had given a view more at length of Alfred's literary character,—together with extracts from his works. We could well have spared many a legend for this;

since the writings of the man are the embodiment of his mind, and they also often supply most characteristic traits of his age.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

*Georgina Hammond.* By Mrs. Mackenzie Daniels, 3 vols.—It is discouraging feature of the times we live in (howsoever inevitable to an era in which every second man has written his tragedy, and every third woman her novel, and *every man, woman and child his, her and its quantum suff.* of verse) that a new hero or heroine cannot be introduced to our acquaintance without a dozen imitations being forthwith turned loose upon us. The number of excellent children who have died in emulation of *Little Nell* is rather agonizing. We fear that a company of *Free Tresses* may be expected to take the field, wearing the colours of the spirited *Becky*: while here we have *Interesting Governess* No. 2,—*Jane Eyre* being, of course, No. 1. Second-hand pathos is bad, —second-hand *picaresco* adventure is bad also. Fortunately, second-hand wit has no more an existence than *Mistress Harris*,—but second-hand improbability is of all things the least palatable; and really the invention of ‘*Georgina Hammond*’ (keeping its original fixedly in sight) is as improbable as if Carlo Gozzi had dramatized it, or Madame Danois sat down to tell it in that elegant matter-of-fact, *cozy* style of hers which can animate “*Oranges and Lemons*” with human passions, and make “birds of the air and fishes of the sea” personages very important to our night's rest. There is no help for this, we know. Eccentric characters will from time to time be drawn; surprising incidents must be resorted to by those whose strength lies in oddity and in surprise: —and in proportion as these succeed shall we be favoured with repetition, dilution, exaggeration; but the frequency of the trial does not mitigate its severity. Far better attire might be worn by Mrs. Daniels than “the old shoes” of other novelists did it please her to consider duly “what she puts on;”—since she has command over power and pathos. But what chance has mastery, in force superior to hers, when employed on incidents like these? The tale opens with a pair of young gentlemen who, passing a suburban house in the neighbourhood of London, are struck by the sound of music issuing thence. They make their way in, rather in the *Gilbert Gurney* style,—and Erskine, the narrator's crony, finding a child who interests him, resolves, them and there, to educate her for his wife,—begins—becomes tired after some years,—and goes abroad. Georgina's family fall into difficulties; her father, a small attorney, dies; whereupon the bereaved ones resolve to apply to an eccentric rich relation of the mother's. He has hired a house in Portland Place, and could help them, but won't. To petition him the heroine sets forth alone, —arrives in Portland Place,—finds the uncle gone, and the house occupied by a sort of Mr. Rochester and *water*; who has seven daughters,—wants a governess for them,—takes an extraordinary interest in Georgina,—goes abroad for a year,—and, on returning to England, instantaneously seeks her out, engages her, and forthwith enters upon that course of probable love-making of which *Jane Eyre*'s master lately set so notorious an example. The above are not half the marvels to be found in the new tale: but we think the other moiety need not be told, since the history of *Annette* and *Bélin* in *Arcady*, magnificently imagined by Miss Bremer's *Petraea*, seems as natural as the incidents and “concatenations” which we are invited to receive as events that may have happened.—Give us as more probable, the *Arabian Nights*! By extravagant concoctions like the above we are disturbed rather than interested.

*Skyrach, a Fairy Tale.*—“*Skyrach*” is an old oak, whose elfin history, death, and regeneration are told here in a style beautifully simple,—with taste and touches of fancy which place the authoress high in the class of those qualified to form the mind of the young in its more imaginative developments. The story is appropriately illustrated; and the little book altogether may be characterized as feeding the sense of the beautiful, the feeling of wonder, and the love of the good and the true.

*The Old Woman who Lived in a Shoe: being Conversations with Britannia on her Colonial Shoe, with an Essay on Colonial Government.* By W. Blan-

chard Jerrold.—This little book with the quaint title commands itself to our attention by its felicitous form, its grave irony, its amusing episodes, and its extent of information. The dear old lady Britannia is certainly at this time in much the same situation as the famous

Old woman who lived in a shoe,

Who had so many children she didn't know what to do; and it is therefore very proper that Mr. Blanchard Jerrold, if he really possesses the secret, should come forward and tell her "what to do." We need hardly say that the remedy here suggested is—according to the old nursery tale—that Britannia should give to such of her adventurous sons as feel disposed "to seek their fortunes" the means of doing so. Colonization, with the writer of these "imaginary conversations" is the one great panacea for all the evils of our social condition. Like most men who have adopted a system, he pushes it to extremes and expects from it impossible advantages. Colonization is no doubt one of our chief means of improvement for the future—but it is not the "be-all and the end-all." Like the western territories of the United States, our American and Australian dependencies are a means of progressive growth—but the home evils, be they great or small, few or many, must be dealt with at home. Our author is, however, very serious and earnest in his convictions. He thinks the best thing for the workman who is ill situated in this country is to migrate to the colonies—and he exhibits a highly creditable amount of industry in collecting together the best and the most recent information respecting each colony now open to emigrant enterprise—the means of transit, the qualities and prices of land, the value of stock, &c.—with a view to enabling the intending emigrant to make a judicious selection.

*Apollyon and the Re-action of the Scalonians, with a View of the State of Europe under the Action of the Contending Principles.* By Col. F. T. Buller, H.P.—This book is perfectly sibylline to us. We have done our best to understand it—considering the shortness of life, more than our duty commanded—but in vain. The title is dark and enigmatical; and the work itself is a curiosity in oracular literature. We have tried all the methods of deciphering known to us—reading forwards, backwards, arabically, and anagrammatically; nothing would do. All our methods have failed to detect a latent sense or to perceive a distinct and consistent purpose in the publication:—and this is the only report we can make on the subject.

*The Principles of the Differential and Integral Calculus Simplified.* By Thomas Tate.—This is a neat book, and will be useful to those who do not want to go far into the subject. But when an author asserts one of his own merits on the title-page, we are bound to address ourselves to it: and we must say that we do not see in what manner Mr. Tate has simplified the principles of the subject. Not that we blame him for his statement: many a man, in writing a book, simplifies the subject to *his own mind*, and may very easily forget that he himself can be no judge of the question whether he has made it more easily attainable to others.

*The Next Step: respectfully suggested to the Senate of the University of Cambridge.* By one of its Members.—The next step, as recommended, involves alterations of so wide an extent, that the next Next step must be incapable of being guessed at. We shall not enter upon the subject; but merely observe that the pamphlet before us appears to be very miscellaneous, very perplexed in its reasoning, but not without a few good points and a few good suggestions. The author treats with great contempt those who value the mental discipline which study gives more than the knowledge which it communicates.—"Luminaries" are they; "pompous stuff" they talk. As we are of these luminaries, we can hardly review this writer in detail: for if we argue our premises, we must go over old ground again; and if we do not, any assumption of what we have been in the habit of maintaining renders controversy impossible. In truth, we should not like to pay the present antagonist the compliment of putting our conclusions under discussion again. He is anonymous, because, as he says, he has no personal motives and has made no personal attacks. What is a *personal attack*? His distinctions are too fine for us. Here is a writer

who, speaking of a brother member of the Senate, says—"One of the pamphleteers whose publications preceded the passing of the Graces, prophesied in piteous terms . . . ." Is a sneer in one sentence on the form, the matter, and the manner of a particular work, a personal attack, or is it not? Does it cease to be personal because the writer sneered at it is not named, but only described? Our friend means that he has made no *libellous* attack—which is true: but he should learn that, according to received meanings, personality begins long before libel.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Abercrombie's (J.) *The Gardener's Pocket Journal*, 29th ed. 15mo. 2s.  
Adlerley's (C. B.) *Essay on Human Happiness*, crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.  
Arthur's (T. S.) *Riches have Wings*, 12mo. 4d. swl.  
Bartlett's (J. C.) *Ornithology*, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.  
Bentley's (J. C.) *Californian Cabinet Library*, 1 vol. 8s. 6d. cl.  
Bryant's *Cabinet Library*, 1 vol. 6s. cl.; *Chamberlain's Scotland*, 6s. cl.  
Boyer and Delateman's *French Dictionary*, new ed. 8vo. 12s. bd.  
Bowen (Rev. C.) *Things to Come*, 12mo. 1s. 6d. cl.  
Browne's *Book of Fables*, 12mo. 1s. 6d. cl.  
Brennan's (J.) *The National Debt and Public Funds*, 15mo. 1s. swl.  
Brook's (Dr. J. T.) *Four Months in California*, 2nd ed. 8s. 6d. cl.  
Caughey's (Rev. J.) *Third Voice from America*, 12mo. 6d. swl.  
Chamberlain's *Inst. Lib.*, *Bentley's Scotch Economy*, 2s. 6d. cl.  
Chamberlain's *Inst. Lib.*, *British Human Sketches*, 12mo. 1s. 6d. cl.  
Cunningham's (J.) *Apocalyptic Sketches*, Second Series, 12mo. 9s.  
Evans's (Dr. A. B.) *Leicestershire Words, Phrases, &c.* fc. 5s. cl.  
Essay (An.) on the Kraken, *Sea Serpent*, &c., 8vo. 2s. 6d. swl.  
Fitzgerald's (J. B.) *On the Hudibras Day Company*, &c. 8vo. 6s. cl.  
Fitzgerald's (J. B.) *Concordia*, 12mo. 1s. 6d. cl.  
Hobhouse's (R.) *Picture Collector's Manual*, 2 vols. 8vo. 32s. cl.  
Jackson's (Mrs.) *The Polka Book*, 12mo. 1s. 6d. cl.  
Jupp's (E. B.) *Account of the Company of Carpenters*, 8vo. 10s. cl.  
Landor's (E. W.) *Loofden or, the Exiles of Norway*, 2 vols. 21s. cl.  
Landor's (E. W.) *Loofden or, the Exiles of Norway*, Vol. XI. 12mo. 6s. cl.  
Maguire's (J.) *Medical Missionaries*, 12mo. 1s. swl.  
New Week's Preparation, Part I, new edition, royal 18mo. 1s. 6d. bd.  
Neander's (Dr. A.) *History of the Christian Religion*, 8vo. 10s. cl.  
Olshausen (Dr. H.) *On the Romans*, 8vo. 10s. cl.  
Parker's (Rev. H. W.) *Practical Mechanic's Journal*, 12mo. 1s. 6d. cl.  
Parker's (H. W.) *Digest on Law relating to Poor Relief*, 8vo. 2s. 6d. bds.  
Practical Mechanic's Journal, New Series, Vol. I. 1s. 6d. cl.  
Pusey (Dr.) *On Marriage with Deceased Wife's Sister*, 8vo. 6s. cl.  
Richardson's *Sports and Pastimes*, 8vo. 9s. cl.  
Richardson's *Short Dictionary of the English Language*, 15s. cl.  
Richardson's (Rev. S.) *Short Sermons*, 8vo. 9s. cl.  
Ryle's (Rev. H.) *Assurance*, 12mo. 1s. swd.  
Selection of Homilies, 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.  
Shadow of the New Creation, &c. &c. 5s. cl.  
Shaw's *Handbook of the Greek Accidence*, 8vo. 5s. bds.  
Shaw's (Major B. C.) *On Employment of the People*, 8vo. 2s. 6d. swd.  
Staunton (Sir G. P.) *On Rendering the word "God" in Chinese*, 3s. 6d.  
Troppa's (G.) *General Grammar*, 12mo. 6s. cl.  
Trotter's (Dr. G.) *Lectionary for Clergy*, 12mo. 1s. 6d. cl.  
Tate's (T.) *Differential and Integral Calculus*, 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.  
Thomson's (W. J.) *Outline of the Laws of Geometry*, 2nd ed. 7s. 6d. cl.  
Tribute to the Memory of Lord George Bentinck, 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl. swd.  
Wade's (J.) *Medical Abuse in Medicine*, 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl. swd.  
Walker's (H. B.) *Sketches of the Local Supply*, 12mo. 1s. 6d. cl.  
Whitchall's (Dr.) *On the Days of Charles the First*, 3 vols. post 8vo. 15s.  
Wilson's (E.) *On the Healthy Skin*, 3rd edition, 8vo. 2s. 6d. swd.  
Worda's *Comfort for the Afflicted*, 12mo. 3s. cl.  
Wright's *Supplement to the Peerage*, royal 8vo. 5s. cl. swd.

#### UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

A Second General Meeting of the Graduates of this University was held last week at Freemasons' Hall, to receive the report of a Committee appointed by them in June 1848 with a view to the improvement of their academical position. The movement was originally caused by the Medical Registration Bill then projected,—which the London medical graduates viewed as an attack upon themselves. This Bill the Committee met, immediately on their appointment, by tendering witness before the Select Committee of the House of Commons then sitting. Considering, however, that nothing permanently useful to the graduates would be effected without their incorporation into the University itself, the Committee communicated their views to the Senate,—and at once addressed themselves to Sir George Grey for new charter. A favourable reply having been received from the Home Office, it became necessary to obtain the assent of the graduates to some leading principles upon which the charter for their incorporation should be based.

The meeting last week was numerously attended; graduates having attended from distant places, and the Committee being in receipt of proxies and letters of authorization from absentees. The chair was taken by F. J. Wood, Esq., LL.D.: who stated that a scheme of incorporation had been prepared, and was under the consideration of the Committee. Its details being too complicated for satisfactory explanation to a large meeting, the Committee had drawn up a short report showing as clearly as possible the general position which the body of graduates would hold in the University if their views should be adopted. The following are the leading principles.—That the graduates in future shall form part of the corporate body of the University. That its government shall consist of a Chancellor, Senate, and Convocation,—the last to be composed of all graduates of a certain

standing. That eventually the Senate shall be elected by Convocation. That all alterations in the fundamental laws of the University shall require the assent of Convocation: and that while the general executive management of the University shall be confided to the Senate, it shall in certain cases be subject to a Convocation veto.—The Report further stated that the Senate had appointed a Committee to act with them on the Medical Bill,—and had also at their request decided upon holding a public day for the conferring of degrees, as at Oxford and Cambridge.—Resolutions adopting the proposed basis, and re-appointing the Committee with full powers, were carried unanimously.

So far the project prosters. The proposed basis of the new charter is conformable to precedent and ancient usage; but it will depend on the superstructure sought to be raised thereon how far the wishes of the graduates will be fulfilled or the University itself benefited. Considering that the Committee have now to negotiate with two powers—the Senate and the Government—from either of whom everything is a gift, with whatever reasonableness expected, they have probably acted wisely in not binding themselves by their Report to a more specific statement of their views,—and the graduates as wisely in not stinting their confidence, but leaving their Committee liberty to do their best. If they be gifted with moderation and patience, there seems no reason why the Senate or the Government should be indisposed to do them justice. The claims earned by the self-devotion of the present members of the Senate are gracefully recognized in the prospective language of the report. The claim for all graduates of due standing to a seat in Convocation reats, we believe, on the argument of the superior examination required at London for the higher degrees making the London M.A. equal to a B.A. who has gone out in honour.

Some difficulty may possibly arise as to the claims of the Government. The University income has been in part derived through a parliamentary vote, and of course no institution in receipt of public money can complain of public supervision. But the support thus afforded has been somewhat of the slightest,—and there is an evident disposition to leave the University to shift altogether for itself. Provision ought, therefore, now to be made either for the permanent endowment of the University or for the ultimate relinquishment of Government control. In any case, there seems no reason for insisting on more effective interference than the liberal founders of Durham University have reserved by their charter. It depends, we believe, on the University of Durham itself to call the powers of its founders into exercise. But the present Senate—and unless alteration be made the future University of London—may at any time be swamped by the unlimited creation of new senators by the Crown. Saving harmless the visitatorial power, we trust the new charter will contain provision for the relinquishment of this unsatisfactory claim.

#### FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

##### *A Day at Point de Galle, in the Island of Ceylon.*

We arrived here in the steamer Bentinck on the 29th of July. On approaching the island I was greatly struck with its remarkable fertility: a circumstance that was perhaps rendered more impressive by the barren appearance of the Desert and of Aden,—places which I had passed a few days before, and which were still fresh in my memory. This part of Ceylon is girt with rocks which are mostly covered at high-water and very dangerous for vessels approaching the shore. The entrance to the harbour at Galle is very narrow:—so much so, that it is necessary to have it buoyed off, and no ship can venture in without a pilot. The low-land near the shore is covered with cocoa-nut trees, and bears a considerable resemblance to the Island of Java and other parts of the Eastern Archipelago.

Having nearly a day to spare here before going on board of the steamer for China, I went on shore to inspect the town and the country adjacent. Almost the first objects of much interest which struck my eye on entering the city were some beautiful specimens of the bread-fruit tree (*Artocarpus incisa*). I had often seen this plant in our stoves at home, where it is considered a great rarity; but here it was growing in all its native luxuriance, and loaded with

its fine old place. The people make a *strangers* On our city, who others have an elephant, most and more cur George a would give only prevalent higher to the Mint, smugly which are.

Not far from here to inspect the bridge, and the *pleasant* was an *expanding* *time* where the *strange* our *visit* *season*, *in a* *clearly* *through* *road* *ocean* *gather* *water*.

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its fine and valuable fruit. The city seems a very old place; and has been strongly fortified, although its walls are not in good repair at the present time. The people are a quiet and inoffensive race. The males have a pleasing cast of features, but rather effeminate,—much so, that it is not uncommon for strangers to fancy them women at the first sight.

On our arrival at the hotel in the centre of the city, we were besieged by a host of natives; some of whom offered precious stones and jewellery for sale, others had ornaments made from the tusks of the elephant, and another set were money-changers and most anxious for English sovereigns. This coin is of more value here than in England; and, what is more curious, the old ones having the figure of St. George are the most valuable of all. A Cingalese would give 12, 3s. for one of the latter, while he would give only 12, 1s. for a fine new one. An opinion is prevalent that the gold of the St. George's is of a higher touch than that which is now employed at the Mint. I believe this gold is melted down and converted into the ornaments so much worn by those amongst the natives who can afford them,—and which are also constantly offered for sale.

Not finding much to interest us in the city, we hired a small carriage and went out into the country to inspect the works of Nature—and more particularly a famed cinnamon garden. You are no doubt aware that this beautiful island is supposed by some to have been the original Garden of Eden,—and Paradise well might have been situated in such a pleasant locality. The road along which we went was an excellent one, bearing marks everywhere of civilised workmanship in the shape of cuttings and bridges. It runs along the sea beach; sometimes exposing to view a large expanse of ocean, and at other times carrying the traveller deep into the forest where he is surrounded by coco-nut trees and all the strange forms of Indian vegetation. The day of our visit to this place, although during the rainy season, was remarkably fine. The sun was shining in a clear sky above our heads, but the rays scarcely reached us, or only partially streamed through the dense vegetation which hung over the road by which we travelled. The breeze from the ocean was cool and refreshing, and the scene altogether was most enchanting to us all.

On our way to the cinnamon plantations, I had a good opportunity of inspecting the indigenous vegetation of the island; and found many of those stove plants growing wild which are so much admired at the horticultural shows in England. In particular I may mention the beautiful *Gloriosa superba*, which was scrambling up the hedges and in full bloom. The *Ivora coccinea*, *Hibiscus sinensis*, *Allamanda cathartica*, and many other species of equal beauty were also met with in great profusion. However beautiful these plants may seem when after high cultivation and training they are placed upon our exhibition tables at home—to my eye they are far more attractive when seen in a wild state on the hills or in the woods of their native country, trained and fostered by the hand of Nature.

Having reached the cinnamon grounds, we paid a visit to the proprietor—who lives in a neat bungalow on his estate,—and requested permission to inspect his plantations. He received us with great civility; and was good enough to go round with us, showing us the whole, and giving us a great deal of interesting information concerning the growth and manufacture of the Ceylon cinnamon. The cinnamon plantations resemble what we call in England a coppicewood; that is, every plant forms a bush not unlike the laurel in size and appearance,—but of course the leaves and stems are very different from that upon close inspection. The bushes are generally from twelve feet in height, and consist of a number of straight stems which spring from each root. When these stems are about as thick as a slender walking-stick they are considered to be in a fit state for cutting; and when cut they are taken home to the sheds near the bungalow of the proprietor, where the operation of peeling is performed. The bark separates readily from the wood; and is then removed to another place and fixed upon a pole of equal dimensions with that from which it had just been taken, in order that the outer layer of rough bark may be removed. A man now takes a scraping knife and performs this part of the business,—and

then removes the pure cinnamon of commerce from the pole on which it had been laid for this operation. The bark is allowed to dry slowly in the shade for a day or two, and then exposed to the sun until it becomes completely dry and fit for exportation. The refuse—such as the outside scrapings already noticed, and the bark taken from large shoots and unfit for cinnamon—is converted into oil.

In this garden I observed also a number of those fruit-trees which are common in the tropics—such as the bread-fruit, jack-fruit, mangoes, nutmegs, pomegranates, oranges, plantains, and pine apples. The coco-nut occupies a prominent place on the island, and seems to be very profitable. Each tree is said to be rented at 1s. 6d. per annum. The natives are very fond of them,—and indeed they may be regarded as a staple article of food. The milk contained in the shell is exceedingly grateful as well as cool and refreshing, and is frequently highly relished even by Europeans. An oil is expressed from the coco-nut which is very valuable as an article of trade,—and the husk itself is converted into ropes. This is first steeped in water for a considerable period, like hemp; and then the fibre is more easily picked and fitted for the process of twisting. The fine broad leaves of this palm are also largely employed in thatching the huts of the natives, in making covers for carts, and in many other ways. Thus, no part of this valuable tree is allowed to be wasted. Indeed, what rice is to the Chinese the coco-nut tree seems to be to the Cingalese and other natives of the Indian Archipelago. Large quantities of coffee and sugar are cultivated on the island; but the cultivation of these on an extensive scale did not come under my observation during my stay at Galle.

Having inspected the farm which I have just described, we entered the house of the proprietor; where we were regaled with milk from the coco-nut and ripe plantains—both of which were very agreeable to persons who had been some weeks at sea. We then entered our palanquin carriage, and set out on our return to Galle. On our way we were pestered with idle fellows offering walking-sticks of the cinnamon tree for sale:—which the person whom we had just visited told us were stolen in great quantities from his estate. Strangers always have a sort of mania for curiosities. In Egypt we were everywhere solicited to buy antiquities, many of which, I am told, are sent out from England:—and here the demand seems to be confined to elephants' teeth and the ornaments made from them, cinnamon sticks and jewellery.

On the side of a hill near to Galle we visited a small temple erected to the worship of Buddha. Here we found several of those huge idols which are so common in the Buddhist temples of China. The altar was strewed with wild flowers; and, though well-known species, they were exceedingly beautiful. On our return to the town we found our vessel preparing to get under weigh for China. We went immediately on board; and were soon steaming rapidly away from Ceylon—its beautiful wooded hills and romantic scenery gradually disappearing from our view.

R. F.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THE well-known vase made for David Garrick from the wood of the Mulberry Tree which grew in Shakespeare's Garden at New Place, and which Shakespeare is said to have planted, was sold at Messrs. Christie & Manson's rooms on the 28th of last month for eighty guineas. It was bought by Mr. Sainsbury the great collector of Napoleon memorials.

It would seem that, after all, there is no great difficulty in the splitting of printed papers, bank notes, &c., which we had claimed as a discovery of interest for Mr. Baldwin. The secret, whatever it is, seems to yield itself up readily enough to experiment. In addition to Mr. Musket's success, we have received specimens from two other parties, Mr. Milne of Edinburgh and Mr. Hunt of Great Yarmouth. Both, however, declare their intention of following Mr. Musket's example of silence in the matter—that Mr. Baldwin may reap the benefit of his priority:—"unless," says Mr. Hunt, "that gentleman publicly declines making use of his first announcement of the discovery." Referring to a process which has been published in the *Builder*, the same correspondent says—"The method I use is entirely different—and perhaps I

may venture to say, more certain for those who wish to procure a woodcut taken from a common publication.

We have received a notice from a correspondent in the North, which appears to call in question some of our statements concerning the History of Steam Navigation in our review of Prof. Woodcroft's book. We never disputed Bell's right to the honour of practically and commercially introducing steam navigation on the Clyde; and we are glad to record that the citizens of Glasgow transmit his fame in a monument and testify their gratitude in a pension to Mrs. Bell. America, in like manner, owes the introduction of steam navigation on her rivers to Fulton, and has duly rewarded his family for the benefit conferred. We were not ignorant of any of these facts; but what we did say was, that both Fulton and Bell reaped where Miller, Taylor, and Symington had sown. That the latter were the inventors, the former only the promoters, of steam navigation; and that the curse of national ingratitude still hangs over the English nation for its neglect of the authors of an invention which forms one of the chief instruments of her greatness.

Dr. W. H. Walše, one of the physicians to the Consumption Hospital, has communicated to the *British and Foreign Medico-Chirurgical Review* a paper of the highest interest on the effect of the treatment of consumption. His analysis, which is of the most searching kind, is made upon the cases of 321 males and 308 females. Among his results, which are all numerically developed, may be noted, that consumptive persons are more prone than others to early marriage,—that the number cured or relieved is more than double of the rest,—that complete cure is often effected on males than on females; but that the whole general results are slightly more favourable as to females,—that the chances of benefit are more in favour of out-of-door trades and of persons from the country,—that age does not much affect results of treatment,—that the disease is in a very slight proportion of cases demonstrably derived from the parents. For these and many other results of a more technical character the memoir itself may be consulted. It is an excellent specimen of exhaustion of materials in a question of medical statistics.

The taking off the ban on almanacs has been the ruin of their orthodoxy. The red letters used to denote saints' days: they were associated with ideas of holiday and pudding. An Eton boy ran up to the London University sheet almanac with feelings of mixed curiosity and delight, for he saw red letter days come together by the dozen. But what was his disgust when he found that the profane liberals, the utilitarian contemners of institutions, had actually put their most working days, their *examination days*, into red letter.—An eminent German astronomer, Boguslawski, has found a new use for the columns in which it is usual to tell us, *apropos* of nothing, that John Hunter died or Copernicus was born. He has published at Breslau an almanac called *Uranus*, in which the columns are filled with warnings to astronomers as to the working phenomena of the day. This notion of an almanac of phenomena has been adopted to some extent in various works; but Dr. Boguslawski has made it the staple of a work which is likely to be useful,—and to which we wish all success.

That nothing goes out of fashion "for ever and for aye," the streets of our metropolis and the columns of our newspapers remind us as often as we consult them or "take our walks abroad." Now that The Shoeblock (in common-sensible emulation of the *Décrotteur de Paris*) is beginning to re-appear on the margin of our thoroughfares, who knows but we may once again see men of quality (we beg pardon, Macaronies,) wearing muffs and riding in sedans?—or ourselves be again placed under the terrors of the magnificent dynasty of Powder? Our printers are taking to black-letter anew,—our authors are returning to the Arcadian sports which gave life to the *Town and Country Magazine* and *La Belle Assemblée*, if we are to judge by an invitation which has recently greeted us.

Acrostics, Bouts-Rimés, and Original Poetry.—A Gentleman, of some literary standing, offers his services to album-keepers, &c. He will undertake to furnish a good acrostic, on any given name, at the rate of 3d. a letter; or compose bouts-rimés, or poetry, on any specified subject, at the same rate. Apply (inclosing stamps) to Alfred Jingle, Esq. How must this gentleman of "lively parts" yearn for



all who have enjoyed them are fond of dwelling as they proceed in the journey of life.

It was remarked by Stothard that there was nothing more difficult than to paint people doing nothing:—the great difficulty, indeed, of portraiture. How admirably it is overcome in the instance before us I need not remark,—if they can be said to be doing nothing whose minds are occupied by the thoughts that such an occasion has called up. Stothard's observation indeed applies less to such subjects as the supernumerary figures and groups in extensive compositions like that of 'The Oath of Leo the Tenth,' one of Raphael's frescoes in the Vatican, which is very rarely spoken of on account of its want of interest; but which affords, nevertheless, an admirable lesson of Invention and, I may add, of Invention to the painter.

The liberty has often been taken by artists, and allowed by critics, of deviating from the exact relation of a story, whether of fiction or history, if by so doing the peculiarity or interest of the work can be increased. By such an allowance, Raphael, in the cartoon of 'Ananias,' has introduced Sapphira, counting the gains of her husband and herself, while he is still struggling in the pangs of death; though the history expressly tells us that three hours had elapsed between the moment of his punishment and the entrance of his wife;—and in the 'Transfiguration,' though, as Fuseli has shown, he has not united two acts of the Saviour in one moment (for the possessed boy is only brought for cure, and not cured)—yet he has certainly connected the subjects of the upper and lower portions of the picture more closely than Scripture warrants.

Other illustrations of this privilege of Art, and some perhaps less questionable than the last, might be furnished. But these are sufficient as examples of the use of the licence; while the 'Macbeth' of Sir Joshua Reynolds, painted for the Boydell Gallery, is a striking instance of the violation of the unities of a subject, and, as I think, greatly to its disadvantage. He has brought together the apparitions of the armed head, of the bloody child, of the child crowned and with a tree in his hand, and of the eight kings followed by Banquo. Ineffectiveness of the entire picture is the result of this confusion. Fuseli would not have treated it in this manner. Indeed, the subject itself is one to which his powers were far better suited than those of Reynolds. For Hecate, he would not have given us a toothless hag,—and even his colour would have been more in accordance with the scene. Fuseli was as superior to other painters in the unreal as he was inferior to the best in the real. It seems, indeed, as if his imagination had gone into the world of shadows, and was prohibited from any return. Reynolds, in the possession of so large a space of Art, in which he was scarcely ever approached, could well afford the concession of such subjects to another.

The two pictures (painted for Alderman Boydell) by Fuseli, from the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' are full of the most playful invention. In the first, Titania is enamoured of Bottom,—in the second, she is awoken from her delusion. In availing himself of the power of fairies to take what shape they please, he has allowed his fancy a wide scope, and has even introduced something of modern costume in such a manner as to add greatly to the whimsicality of the scene. In the first of these pictures, the affected prudery of the two powdered and yet visionary ladies-in-waiting of the fairy queen, with their high feathers, and kerchiefs to the chin, is very amusing, the staid formality of their attitudes being evidently intended as a silent rebuke on their master. In the foreground a maid of honour holds a greyhound dwarf in leading-strings. A hideous child, intended as a changeling, is supported by an ancient figure enveloped in a dark mantle,—and as a contrast, on the opposite side of the picture, sits Moth, a most beautiful little fairy, whose admirably contrived head-dress proclaims his identity.

But, as my present purpose is to speak of British Art, I cannot yet leave Reynolds,—for I wish particularly to notice the superior felicity of his inventions, for so I shall call them, that were suggested entirely

by the life about him,—in doing which I shall confine myself to his portrait compositions, where indeed he is generally more original than in his fancy pictures.—Of these (his portraits I mean) there are two classes, as far as incident is concerned,—the one imaginative, the other natural.—The first comprises his pictures of ladies sacrificing to Hymen or to the Graces,—or in character, as Mrs. Billington or Mrs. Sheridan as St. Cecilia, and of this class is the grandest female portrait he ever painted, perhaps the grandest in the world.—'Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse.'

I remember when objections were made to the chair on the clouds, to the dress not being classical, &c., but such criticism has long been silent before this matchless work, a work which at once dissipates every suspicion, and such suspicions have been expressed, of the sincerity of Sir Joshua's admiration of Michael Angelo. Where the portrait painter is so fortunate as to meet with such a subject in nature, and has the far greater good fortune to possess the power of dealing with it, there is every reason for such an ideal treatment. But in ordinary cases the later practice, as I think it was, of Reynolds, of allowing the sitter to suggest the attitude (unconsciously I mean) is a very safe one, and by far the most likely to lead to originality.

Numberless are the instances that might be selected from the works of Sir Joshua of happy thoughts thus derived. Mrs. Abington looking over the back of her chair, Lady Fenouillet sitting down, with her bonnet on, and her hands in her muff, as if just returned from a walk,—and that inimitable one of the near-sighted Baretti devouring his book. But the most charming specimen of this mode of treatment is the Strawberry Hill picture, in which the three beautiful sisters, the Ladies Waldegrave, are sitting together at a table,—one drawing, and another winding a skein of silk held by the third.—This is worth all the 'Sacrifices to the Graces' in the world,—and it was by this perception of the use to which taste may turn the every day incidents of life that Reynolds became the great restorer of portraiture to Nature.

"I remember," said Northcote, "once going through a suite of rooms where they were showing me several fine Vandykes; and we came to one where there were some children by Sir Joshua, seen through a door. It was like looking at the reality, they were so full of life: the branches of the trees waved over their heads and the fresh air seemed to play on their cheeks. I soon forgot Vandyke!"<sup>†</sup> Not, however, that Vandyke can ever be displaced,—and nothing was farther from the expectation of Reynolds than that his own works were ever likely to be preferred; for I have heard Northcote say, that often when applied to by young painters for permission to copy his pictures, Sir Joshua strongly recommended to them rather to copy something of Vandyke. But it may certainly be said that the attitudes of Vandyke,—so much more formal and studied than those of Holbein, of Titian, or of Raphael, in portraiture,—and particularly the affection of his hands, led to the still greater affection and formality of the portrait painters who succeeded him,—and from which it was reserved for Reynolds at once to liberate the art.

It has been said that the accidental perusal of Richardson's book made Reynolds a painter. My own belief is that he read Richardson with interest, because his mind was instinctively turned towards Painting more than to any other pursuit. Thousands of lads would have taken up the book and laid it down without reading a page, for one that would have devoured it as he did. I can well conceive the extreme interest with which he must have read one remarkable passage in Richardson,—and who can say that the prophecy which it contains may not have operated on the mind of the young Reynolds, in whom ambition was a ruling passion, so as to have contributed in some degree towards its own fulfilment? The passage is as follows:—"I have said it heretofore and will venture to repeat it, notwithstanding the national vanity of some of our neighbours and our own false modesty and partiality to foreigners—if ever the great taste in Painting, if ever that de-

lightful, useful, and noble Art does revive in the world, 'tis probable 'twill be in England.—Besides that greatness of mind which has always been inherent in our nation and a degree of solid sense not inferior to any of our neighbours, we have advantages greater than is commonly thought. We are not without our share of drawings of which Italy has been in a manner exhausted long since. We have some fine antiquities and a competent number of pictures of the best masters. But whatever our number or variety of good pictures is, we have the best history pictures now in being, for we have the Cartoons of Raphael; and for portraits we have admirable ones, of Raphael, Titian, Rubens, and, above all, of Vandyke, of whose we have very many. "In ancient times we have frequently been subdued by foreigners; the Romans, Saxons, Danes, and Normans have all done it in theirs: those days are at an end long since; and we are by various steps carried to the height of military glory by sea and land. Nor are we less eminent for learning, philosophy, mathematics, poetry, strong and clear reasoning, and a greatness and delicacy of taste; in a word, in many of the liberal and mechanical arts we are equal to any other people, ancients or moderns, and in some perhaps superior. We are not yet come to that maturity in the Arts of Design; our neighbours, those of nations not remarkable for excelling in this way, as well as those that are, have made frequent and successful inroads upon us, and have lorded it over our natives here in their own country. Let us at length disdain as much to be in subjection in this respect as in any other; let us put forth our strength and employ our national virtue, that haughty impatience of subjection and inferiority which seems to be characteristic of our nation, in this as on many other illustrious occasions, and the thing will be effected: the English school will rise and flourish!"

I trust I need not apologize for quoting at length the words of the patriotic old painter. They were printed in 1719, about eleven years before Hogarth's genius shone forth in the pictures of the Harlot's Progress, and four years before Reynolds was born.

If, in speaking of the British school, a strict attention to chronology had been necessary, Hogarth should have been mentioned first, for he preceded Reynolds, as Reynolds did West. But in point of fact the reputation of Hogarth, as it is now established, is later than that of either. He could scarcely sell his matchless pictures at the lowest prices, and his first eulogist among people of fashion, Horace Walpole, denied his merit as a painter. Walpole begins his account by speaking of Hogarth as one whom he chose to consider "rather as a writer of comedy with the pencil than as a painter," and throughout his essay he continues invariably to call him "this author." A Rev. Mr. Gilpin, also writing near the time of Hogarth, represents him as ignorant of composition. I doubt indeed whether Hogarth's entire excellence was fully felt by the public until his works were collected in 1814, and exhibited at the Gallery of the British Institution.

It was then seen how great a master he was in all respects. How completely he bent the Art to his will; and, though alive to all the beauties of painting and neglecting none of them, yet how steadily he kept in view the true end of Art—in no case ever permitting a minor excellence in any way to interfere with his story or expression. The purity of his colour was then acknowledged, as well as that zest of execution, which tells us that painting was far more a pleasure than a labour to him.

And here allow me to quote an author who has expressed, much better than I can, the value of Hogarth's art. Sir Martin Shee, says—"Hogarth has conferred that kind of obligation on his country which peculiarly entitles him to her regard and gratitude. Civilized nations have ever eagerly contended for the honour of originality in arts and sciences; and have considered as their most conspicuous ornaments those extraordinary characters, who, starting from the common herd of mankind, seem born to explore new regions and discover new springs of instruction and amusement. Among the few who come under this description, Hogarth has every claim to be numbered; his genius appears to be as peculiarly original, his fire to be as much kindled from within as that of any other painter of any other age or nation. From his outset he disdained to travel in

\* This fine picture, which has that visionary negative colour in which Fuseli was so happy, is in the possession of Mr. Gibbons. Its companion belongs to that gentleman's collection.

† Hazlitt's "Conversations of Northcote."

the high roads of Art, or to avail himself of those directing posts set up by his predecessors: he treads in no man's steps, moves within no prescribed limits and adopts no established combinations: he has perhaps less of common-place than any other artist; less of loose material; less dead matter. His subjects, his arrangement, his characters, his style, his manner, are all his own, derived immediately from Nature; drawn pure from the fountain, without passing through those ducts and channels of intermediate communication which always tinge the stream and betray the soil through which it flows. His path of Art before him was unopened, and it appears to have closed after him. But while his works remain to be consulted, Britain may confidently boast of having produced one of those distinguished, those daring navigators of the intellectual ocean who launch boldly forth in quest of new discoveries, and bring home unexpected treasures from territories before unknown."

This eloquent passage from one of the notes to the 'Rhymes on Art' was printed in 1805.

Tragedy and comedy are united by Hogarth with the same truth to Nature, and the same relief of each other by contrast, with which they are united by Shakespeare. The skilful management of contrast, indeed, is a great principle in the inventions of Hogarth; thus, in the prison scene in 'The Rake's Progress,' where the foreground groups present nothing but misery, and the infuriated wife of the spendthrift is in the act of striking her wretched husband, while the poor woman whom in early life he had ruined, and who has followed him to prison, is in a fit—an open space between these groups shows us the figure of an alchemist, tranquilly engaged with his furnace and crucibles, whose deep and quiet abstraction is of the highest value in the way of relief, and so likewise is the introduction of the poor author, who is helping to recover the fainting woman, while his scheme for paying the debts of the nation drops from his hand. I need not point out the admirable and exquisitely humorous contrasts of physiognomy throughout Hogarth's pictures, a principle that very much escaped the Dutch painters with the exception of Jan Steen.

In the treatment of accessories, Hogarth stands alone. How much of meaning and of humour is there in the display of the articles purchased at auction by Lady Squanderfield from the collection of Sir Timothy Babyhouse, and with which her negro page is amusing himself. The termination of this group of curiosities in a most extraordinary little nondescript quadruped, is ludicrous in the extreme. The collection of hats, also, on the floor in the second plate to the 'Analysis of Beauty,' how comical and how full of character it is! We fancy a face to every hat.

The ingenuity with which he often makes the most apparently trifling objects in his pictures tell a story or suggest a moral, and frequently in the obscured corners of his compositions, is equally without a parallel. Indeed, after we have made ourselves acquainted with all his leading incidents, there is scarcely one of his compositions in which, if we search diligently, we shall not find latent touches of the highest relish,—small objects serving a double and sometimes a treble purpose. In the marriage scene in the Rake's Progress in which the hero, having dissipated his patrimony, appears at the altar with an ancient heiress, we are shown the interior of Old Marylebone Church, at that time standing in an out-of-the-way part of the suburbs, and, therefore, resorted to for stolen marriages, or marriages of which either of the parties had any reason to be ashamed. The church, a very small one, is in a neglected condition, and cracks in the walls, mildew and cobwebs, would occur to an ordinary painter; but Hogarth has shown a fracture running through the table of the Commandments,—the Creed is defaced by damp, and he has placed a cobweb over the opening in the charity box. Again, an empty phial labelled "laudanum" lies at the feet of the expiring viscountess in the last scene of the 'Marriage à-la-Mode'; but this was not enough, he has placed close to it the "last dying speech of Counsellor Silver-Tongue," suggesting that it was the death of her lover and not of her husband that caused her to swallow poison.

His ingenuity is endless in the expression of whatever he wishes to convey. In the dim of street noises

which his enraged musician tries, in vain, to shut out of his ears, he unites the sounds of a dustman's bell, a ballad singer, a hautboy-player, a knife-grinder, a paviour, &c. Not far off is the sign of a pewterer, and then, in the distance, he shows us that the church bells are ringing, by the flag that waves from the steeple.

There is no surer test of a painter's feeling for Nature than the manner in which he represents childhood. In Hogarth we often find the same charm, arising from its want of sympathy with grown-up life, that I have noticed in the works of Raphael. The Boy Mourner, in the picture of the 'Harlot's Funeral,' winding up his top, "the only person in that assembly," as Lamb remarks, "that is not a hypocrite," is an instance of this, and so is the same boy in the preceding picture, the dying scene. The pretty little girl in the 'Election Entertainment,' who is examining the ring on the fine gentleman's finger, and the two little urchins creeping slowly to school, through Covent Garden Market, their very short footsteps marked in the snow, in his picture of 'Morning,' are also exquisite specimens of childhood.

There is a charming picture by Hogarth, at Holland House, in which children are the principal persons. It represents the private performance of a play at the house of Mr. Conduit, the Master of the Mint, before the Duke of Cumberland and a few other people of rank and fashion. Three girls and a boy are on the stage, and seem to be very seriously doing their best; but the attitude and expression of one little girl, on a front seat among the audience, is matchless. She is so entirely absorbed in the performance, as she sits bolt upright and will sit, we are sure, immovably, to the end of the play, enjoying it as a child only can, and perhaps even the more because the actors are children.—The picture is beautifully coloured, and is one of those early works painted from Nature, the execution of which prepared the way to Hogarth's greater efforts.

Coleridge notices that Hogarth, "in whom the satirist," as he says, "never extinguishes that love of beauty which belonged to him as a Poet, often introduces a beautiful female as the central figure in a crowd of humorous deformities; which figure, such is the power of true genius, neither acts nor is meant to act as a contrast; but diffuses through all, and over each of the group, a spirit of reconciliation and human kindness; and even when the attention is no longer consciously directed to the cause of this feeling, still blends its tenderness with our laughter: and thus prevents the instructive merriment of the whims of Nature from degenerating into the heart-poison of contempt or hatred."

So difficult is it, and in many cases so impossible, for a painter to explain his entire meaning on canvas, that it is to be regretted Hogarth did not leave a written key to his stories, in which, in a very few words, he might have guarded against all doubt as to the more important passages in them, that are involved in obscurity; which, after all, are very much fewer than might have been expected in narratives so rich in incident. The third picture of the series of the 'Marriage à-la-Mode' is the one which has, more than any other of his works, puzzled his commentators. For my own part, I cannot but think that it has a deeper meaning than has generally been supposed. I believe the expression of the elder female to be that of jealousy. On no other ground can her furiously vindictive look be accounted for. The indignation of the viscount is directed against the quack, for he would not lift his cane to a woman. She is still in the prime of life, and with a face which, though now distorted with passion, we may imagine, in a calmer mood, to be handsome. The clasp knife, which she holds out of sight, is intended for her rival, and Hogarth, as I think, meant to show how vices that the world considers as comparatively venial often lead to the blackest crimes.

Hazzitt has certainly mistaken the painter's meaning in the young girl, the object as I believe of this woman's rage. He says—"Nothing can be more striking than the contrast between the extreme softness of her person and the hardened indifference of her character." The truth is she is a child, not hardened by vice, for she is too young, but the victim to a refinement in infamy imported from a country of which the then reigning sovereign set the example.

There can be little doubt but the quack, who is a Frenchman, is the pimp in this case, and viewing the subject in this light, the story seems to me to be quite clear. Hogarth saw with honest indignation how much more readily the fashionable world (as it is called) of England has always adopted the corruption of the continental countries rather than their refinements or their virtues,—and he never lost an opportunity of exposing this base species of imitation.

I fancy I see much more in this poor child than "docility to vice." The finery with which she has been loaded, like a victim for sacrifice, is evidently that of some elder predecessor, for the dress she wears is much too long for her. This child and that of the viscountess herself, in the last picture, are alike, though in different ways,—intended to show the irreparable evils so often inflicted on the innocent by the thoughtlessness of the vicious. The iron on the leg of the little girl in the last picture tells a sad tale of her hereditary infirmity and neglect.

And yet Hogarth, who painted these things, has been charged with prostituting his art at the suggestion of a vicious patron, though it has been added that he afterwards repented having done so. The latter assertion cannot however, be true, for he never only published engravings of the only two of his pictures considered objectionable,—but when the plates were worn he retouched them, and continued to sell the impressions to the end of his life.

That Hogarth, the uncompromising satirist of the vices of all classes, who lashed the old masters for appealing to the passions in subjects taken from the scandalous chronicle of Olympus,—that Hogarth, manly and thoroughly English, as was his nature, should thus desecrate his art, as would be a degree of inconsistency, from the charge of which I should be glad to relieve his memory; and I think this may be done, though I am sure that in attempting it I am venturing on hazardous ground.

The pictures in question tell a tale, as I think, of seduction and desertion, in a manner far more calculated to excite compassion for the victim and detestation for her betrayer than any feeling of levity, and indeed with much less of grossness, as the commentators on them acknowledge, than may be found in many of his other works against the tendency of which no objection has ever been made. If his mode of treating these subjects, his mode, indeed, of treating all, is one which would not be tolerated in the present state of taste, I can only say that the taste of the present age tolerates very much in Art that is, in reality, far more objectionable. Hesiodus, in the pictures, that the mind of a young woman religiously brought up has been corrupted, previous to her ruin, by licentious books that have, no doubt, been furnished to her for that purpose; for in her table-drawer a Prayer-book and 'The Practice of Piety' are mixed with books of an immoral tendency. In the first picture the falling looking-glass is very significant; its surface is bright and without a flaw,—in the second picture it lies on the ground in fragments. Here she is in tears and evidently imploring that she may not be deserted,—while it is as evident from the countenance of her seducer that she has little to hope from his honour—he thinks of nothing but himself. There are touches of humour in these as in all Hogarth's works; but the impression they make is a great sad one, and I have not a doubt but that they were painted as well with the intention of warning the innocent against danger, as of awakening remorse in the guilty.

Sir George Beaumont presented Hogarth's masterpiece to Wilkie. I have heard that Sir George, having purchased it, determined to give it to the first young painter who should seem to him worthy to possess it. If this be true, the compliment was well deserved. Like Hogarth, Wilkie was the inventor of most of the stories he painted; and in these stories the intention, though not going near so far as that of Hogarth, was realized with exquisite truth and simplicity.

No better example can be pointed out to the young painter than that of the industry, the patience, and the devotion to Art recorded in the history of Wilkie's studies,—how he moved on, as his biographer says, "like the sunbeam on the wall, slowly and brightly." The change in his style, from the delicate finish of his small works to the more general treatment of subjects of a large scale, was

lamented by his admirers. It was a change, however, which he was obliged to make because his health no longer permitted that attention to minute detail which he had carried so very far. But the public is a hard taskmaster, and particularly to its favourites,—and it did not willingly forgive the alienation. Yet in the latter years of his life he produced some very great works, works which could perhaps have been more justly treated than they were by the critics of the present day,—such as the 'Preaching of John Knox,' the 'Columbus,' and the 'Interview between Pius the Seventh and Napoleon.' The masterly sketches made in those countries from which he was not destined to return, show how actively (too actively indeed) his fine mind had been engaged to the very last. Among them I remember one of the most fascinating representations of childhood I ever beheld,—the young daughter of Admiral Walker in an Eastern dress. It was as beautiful as anything of Reynolds or Gainsborough, and yet quite unlike either.

I believe all opinions will concur in placing Wilkie's subjects from familiar and rustic life, with few exceptions, highest among his works. Such were the pictures that first made his reputation.—'The Village Politicians,' 'The Blind Fiddler,' 'The Rent Day,' 'Duncan Gray,' &c.—Of this class, however, the most elaborately painted and the fullest in subject, 'The Village Festival,' in the National Gallery, is certainly not the one to which I should give the preference. For though that exquisite delicacy of touch which marks more or less every period of Wilkie's art is here seen in the greatest perfection, yet the picture seems to me, in all respects, the most artificial of his earlier productions. It was a picture which gave him great trouble to paint, as is evident from his Diary.

Among Wilkie's scenes from domestic life, the two finest appear to me to be 'The Penny Wedding' and the 'Distressing for Rent,' subjects of the most opposite character. 'The Penny Wedding' is equal to the 'Hallow-e'en' of Burns, or the inimitable description of rustic life in the 'Twa Dogs.' The joyousness and activity with which the reel is going on to the music of Neil Gow,—the simple feasting in the background where the grace is not forgotten,—and the satisfaction with which the Howdie, an important personage on such occasions, and the village doctor regard the scene, are inimitably given, and in a manner as far above all commonplaceness or vulgarity as it is free from anything of over-refinement. Wilkie in such subjects seems as if he were guided by the precept of Polonius—'Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.' But in truth he was guided by his own gentility of nature.

We feel in looking at this picture as we feel in reading the poems of Burns to which I have compared it,—that such scenes can only be described by a painter or a poet born and bred north of the Tweed. This is the merit, and a sterling one it is, of Wilkie's two subjects from Allan Ramsay's 'Gentle Shepherd'; and which, notwithstanding a want of beauty in the female figures, make us regret that he had not painted more from the poetry of Scotland. An artist is always the better for being national.

The picture which I believe would be selected by painters from among all the works of Wilkie is the most perfect specimen of his art, is that of the 'Whisky Still,' in the possession of Sir Willoughby Gordon. It is an extremely simple composition, containing but three figures. An old Highlander is holding up a glass of whiskey to the light, and seems to be smacking his lips with the relish of a perfect connoisseur, while a boy is pouring some of the spirit into a jug, and a man in the background is looking towards the highlander. Not only in character, but in the entire treatment, in colour and execution, this masterly work leaves nothing to be desired.

With much less truth of colour his 'Distressing for Rent' displays dramatic powers of the very highest order. Of a picture so well known to you by Raimbach's fine engraving, I need say little; and, indeed, I know not how to say anything of its pathos that would not fall very short of its impression. But I cannot help noticing the admirable manner in which Wilkie has introduced one of the subordinate figures, the man employed in writing an inventory of

the furniture. The consciousness of how entirely he is an unwelcome visitor is shown in every circumstance connected with this figure. He seems desirous of occupying the smallest possible space. He has seated himself on the corner of the bedstead, and deposited his hat between that and his feet. He writes on a book held on his knees, and from an inkstand held in his hand, not venturing to ask for any more convenient mode of proceeding with what he has to do. The figure of the sheriff's officer is equally good. He withstands the storm of threats and reproaches with which he is assailed by the relations of the distressed family, and though he grasps his cudgel firmly, he keeps it somewhat out of sight and depends more on the wit he holds in his other hand for protection. How true to nature is the dog too that has taken refuge under his master's chair, and looks out from between his legs with great dissatisfaction towards the strangers whom he dares not attack. And then the two women—neighbours, near the door; the one silent and affected by the scene, the other a gossip who has left her own affairs to see what is going on elsewhere. She has the key of her house in her hand.

The picture Wilkie painted for the Duke of Wellington, for skill in composition and delicate completion of detail is one of his prominent works; and though the subject afforded far less scope than many of his others for dramatic power, there is not in the Art a finer touch of expression than that of the anxious face of the woman overlooking the old pensioner who reads to his companions the first news of the Battle of Waterloo. The contrast of this single face to all the others that surround the reader, is, indeed, a master-stroke.

While speaking of the English school I must not omit to notice a truly original genius, who though not a painter, was an artist of the highest order, in his way. I mean Thomas Bewick, the admirable designer and engraver on wood. His works, indeed, are of the smallest dimensions, but this makes it only the more surprising that so much of interest could be comprised within such little spaces. The woodcuts that illustrate his books of natural history may be studied with advantage by the most ambitious votary of the highest classes of Art—filled as they are with a most refined taste and feeling for Nature, and though often representing the most ordinary objects, yet never, in a single instance, degenerating into commonplaceness. The charming vignettes that ornament these books abound in incidents from real life diversified by genuine but not extravagant humour, as well as by the truest pathos,—of which the single figure of a shipwrecked sailor saying his prayers on a rock, with the waves rising around him is an instance.

There is, often, in these little things, a deep meaning that places his art on a level with styles which the world is apt to consider as greatly above it; in proof of which I would mention the party of boys playing at soldiers among graves, and mounted on a row of upright tombstones for horses; while for quaint humour, extracted from a very simple source, may be noticed a procession of geese which have just waddled through a stream, while their line of march is continued by a row of stepping-stones.

The student of Landscape can never consult the works of Bewick without improvement. The backgrounds to the figures of his quadrupeds and his birds,—and his vignettes have a charm of Nature quite his own. He gives us, in these, every season of the year, and very often winter,—snow pieces, or groups skating. He is equally true in his little home scenes, his farm-yards and cottages, as in his wild coast scenery with flocks of sea-birds wheeling round the rocks. In one of these subjects there stands a ruined church towards which the sea has encroached, the rising tide threatening to submerge a tombstone raised "to perpetuate the memory," &c.

Bewick resembles Hogarth in this, that his illustrations of the stories of others are not to be compared with his own inventions. His feeling for the beauties of Nature as they were impressed on him directly, and not at secondhand, is akin to the feeling of Burns, and his own designs remind me, therefore, much more of Burns than the few which he made from the Poet.

But to return to Painting. I should now be glad

to say something, if I could say it in a manner worthy of the subject, of the art of Stothard.

For more than half a century this great ornament of our school was engaged in illustrating not only the contemporary literature of his country,—but the works of her best poets, from the time of Chaucer to his own; his employers, with the exception occasionally of the goldsmiths, being the booksellers. Neglected as Stothard was by most of the professed patrons of Art of his day, he had one patron and sincere friend whose friendship was indeed an honour,—Mr. Rogers. By these he was engaged in every species of composition, from illustrations of Homer and Shakespeare, to designs for spelling-books and pocket almanacs, fashions for the *Ladies' Magazine*, portraits of popular actors and actresses, in character, as well as other subjects of the day, such as 'Balls at St. James's,'—'The Employments of the Royal Family'—'The King going out with the Fox Hounds,' &c.,—numbers of his early designs are from novels and poems, the very names of which are now only preserved in his beautiful Art. By the goldsmiths he was employed in designing ornaments for plate, from the Wellington Shield, to spoon-handles for George IV.

The species of his employment formed his style, which, resulting from the haste required by tradesmen, appeared slight and unsubstantial by the side of the works of artists who were enabled to give more time to their productions. His practice, also, limited the size of his works; and with people, therefore, who judge of pictures, in any degree, by the space they occupy on the walls of galleries, or the quantity of minute detail within that space, Stothard will rank as a painter of minor importance; while all who estimate Art by the soul that lives in it, will place him with the very few painters who have possessed imaginations of the highest order, and have yet restrained themselves from over-stepping "the modesty of Nature."

It must, however, be acknowledged that it is in his smallest pictures and drawings only that we feel there is nothing more to be desired;—when he repeated his subjects on a larger scale, which he sometimes did for the Exhibition, they have in general too much the character of magnified sketches. This may have made him say, near the close of his life, "I feel that I have not done what I might have done." Yet, perhaps, this is the feeling at last of every painter.

It is scarcely possible but that among the thousands of Stothard's productions repetitions of himself should not occur; nor that he should not occasionally have adopted ideas suggested by the Antique or by the old masters. He not seldom reminds us of Raphael, often of Rubens, and sometimes of Watteau;—but he does so as one worthy to rank with them, and as they remind us of their predecessors. Yet his works will bear the deduction of every such instance of imitation, and of every repetition of himself, and we shall be surprised to see how much of the most beautiful original imagery will remain. His designs for the 'Novelist's Library' remind us of no other painter. In these, all is direct from Nature,—and, as many of the novels in this collection were not very far in date from his own time, he gave the dresses of his day and the style of furniture.

These charming works gained him first the admiration, and then the friendship of Flaxman; for on seeing some of them in a shop-window, the great sculptor determined to make the acquaintance of an artist with whose taste his own was so nearly allied.

Stothard's illustrations of 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' sixteen in number, belong to the highest order of Sacred Art. Here are images of holiness, of purity, and of childlike innocence, worthy of that beautiful poem. And they are as graceful to the eye as to the mind, the Art entirely aiding the sentiment. The one from among them which I should select as peculiarly an effusion of Stothard's own mind, for I can see in it no resemblance to any other painter, is that in which Christian is received by Discretion, Prudence, Piety, and Charity into the Palace Beautiful.\*

Another series of Stothard's designs, and which, though quite distinct from these, is evidently one in which he took great delight, is that from 'Robinson

\* The original pictures from the 'Pilgrim's Progress' are in the collection of Mr. S. Jones Loyd, who also possesses the finest of the larger works of Stothard with which I am acquainted, the 'Jacob's Dream.'

**Crusoe.** In looking at some of these one is almost more impressed with the solitude of the shipwrecked man than in reading the book.

than that in reading the book.

His humour is as true and as delicate as that of Addison. His illustrations of the 'Spectator' are therefore perfect; but the picture in which he has displayed the most of discrimination of character is his 'Canterbury Pilgrims.' The personages of Chaucer all seem to pass before our eyes as if they were shown to us by a painter contemporary with the poet. If one has less of the real character than the rest, it is perhaps the Wife of Bath. She seems too young and too graceful for the merry dame who had buried five husbands. Yet he has well contrived to make it evident that her talk and laugh are loud, by their attracting the attention of those who are riding before and behind her, as well as of the persons closest to her.

Like Hogarth, Stothard rarely had recourse to the model in Painting. The truth is, that the minds of both were so completely filled with a store of imagery collected immediately from Nature, and so vividly was this store preserved, that they could at will select and embody on canvas whatever was most appropriate to the subject in hand. The operation of Painting is always an exercise of memory,—for even with a model in the room, the transfer of what the painter sees is but a recollection, and the difference between those who can only paint with models at hand, and those who, like Hogarth and Stothard, and many, no doubt, among the old masters (of whom Michael Angelo must certainly have been one) can draw on the stores of their minds for their models—the difference between such is only that the latter class have the power of retaining images longer in their memories than others—a power no doubt in a great degree to be acquired. Hogarth tells us that he set himself to acquire it,—and he certainly did so to an extraordinary extent. He belonged to a very different class of painters from those who sit at home and consult engravings, or their copies of pictures, for precedents. His habits seem to have been anything but sedentary,—and I know that Stothard's were not. When not engaged at his easel, his time was almost always spent in long walks through the streets and suburbs of London. In the summer he was fond of country excursions, and for one entire summer, as I have heard him say, that he and one or two companions lived in a tent on the coast, I think, near Ramsgate, where they hired a boat and spent days in sailing; and, from the mode in which this summer was passed, he probably found an advantage when illustrating 'Robinson Crusoe.'

Among the great painters of whom I have been speaking, it is gratifying to observe that Stothard and Wilkie were both students, and very assiduous students of this Academy. Flaxman and Chantrey also learned all that an Academy could teach them within the walls of Somerset House,—and were I permitted to mention the names of living artists who have acquired the elements of their Art in the Academy, a list highly honourable to the Institution could be made out.—I call your attention to these facts, because Academies are sometimes compared to Colleges, and the inference is, that as Colleges can do little towards producing Poets, Academies can do little towards producing Painters. It should be remembered, however, that Poetry makes use of the language that is common to all ; and though the refinements of that language may not be acquired without books, yet books are not confined to Colleges. The Painter, the Sculptor and the Architect, on the other hand, have to acquire the mastery of a language of their own, involving many studies and much mechanical practice. These can only be acquired in a school, and under the guidance of experienced teachers ; and though Academies can neither create genius nor supply patronage, the two conditions necessary to the existence of Art, they may materially assist both.

I believe that it will be found generally that what is called *Academic Art* (by way of disparagement), in other words *learned mediocrity*, has preceded their formation; and that when original genius has afterwards appeared, it has always been benefited by them. Lebrun, with all his talents, was, in the ordinary sense of the words, an *academic artist*, and he was so before the establishment of the French Academy. Some time after that institution had been

in operation, Watteau appeared; not that Watteau was formed by the Academy, for he was formed by the study of Nature engrafted on the art of Rubens,—but the Academy did not hinder his appearance, nor destroy him after he became one of its members.

But I will go farther back. Neither Raphael nor Michael Angelo were able to transmit the essence of their art to their pupils. The art of Raphael died with him, and if it has in later schools in any degree revived, it has done so chiefly in Academies. Michael Angelo, with all the pains he took, was unable to make an historical painter of Sebastian del Piombo, whose genius could not rise above dignified portrait; and Vasari, also the scholar and enthusiastic admirer of Michael Angelo, became but the founder of a school of machinists.

The obligations of Hogarth and of Reynolds to academies have been denied. Hogarth, indeed, did not acquire his Imagination, his inexhaustible fertility of Invention, his humour or his pathos in an academy; but he acquired his knowledge of the human figure (without which all these great qualities must have remained unknown to the world) in the subscription academy opened by Sir James Thornhill. It is very true that Reynolds had not studied in an academy. But it was a cause to him of lamentation, not of boasting. Hear his own modest words—"Not having the advantage of an early academical education," he says, "I never had the facility of drawing the naked figure which an artist ought to have." After this we may fairly say, when we are told of eminent artists who have not studied in academies, that it would have been better for them if they had done so.

It has been said by a modern opponent of all such Institutions that "to produce other Raphaels they must go through the same process that Raphael himself went through."—This, I believe; but I believe also that the process must be gone through with powers of mind and delicacy of taste equal to Raphael's;—and then I doubt not but that the success may be as complete in a modern academy as it was in the school of Perugino.

**FINE-ART GOSSIP.** — We believe there is no doubt that there is to be a select committee of the House of Commons to investigate the management of the Government School of Design. We have heard that Mr. Milner Gibson is to move for the committee; and his doing so is peculiarly appropriate to his being representative for Manchester—the seat of those manufactures which ought to have received the greatest advantages from the operation of the School of Design, and would have done so if the conduct of the institution had been of a business-like character.

The engraved British portraits collected by the late Duke of Buckingham now on sale at Messrs. Sotheby & Wilkinson's are realizing fair and not unfrequently excellent prices. They are not so high, it is true, as the Sykes standard—which was a kind of fancy price, forced by “peculiar” circumstances; but they are prices that speak well for Art and for the interest that is felt in a very interesting branch of British engraving. The mere curiosities—bad engravings from bad portraits—have sold for very little, notwithstanding their rarity; whereas good impressions of good works of Art have more than maintained their usual market value. The very rare portrait by Hollar of Sir Thomas Chaloner brought 15*l.* 10*s.*—the probably unique print by Elstracke of Mary Queen of Scots and Lord Darnley standing side by side brought 33*l.* 10*s.*—the very rare Elstracke of Sir Thomas Overbury (re-engraved for Mr. Amos’s “Great Oyer of Poisoning”) brought 17*l.* 10*s.*, or 60*l.* 4*s.* less than it sold for at the Sykes sale—the rare Elstracke of the King and Queen of Bohemia (Sir Henry Wotton’s Queen) sold for 15*l.*—and the scarce portrait by Simon Pass of Richard Martin, the Recorder of London and friend of Ben Jonson and of Sir John Davis, brought 5*l.* At the Sykes sale the Martin sold for 4*2s.* 1*g.*

Among some fine Saxon and English coins sold last week by Messrs. Sotheby & Wilkinson, chiefly belonging to Mr. Hall of Worcester, we may notice lot 6, a beautiful and rare silver penny of Alfred (872-901), with his portrait, and on the other side

'London' in a reversed monogram—which sold for 31. 15s.; lot 11, a fine penny of Ethelstan struck at Winchester, bought by Mr. Brown (of the firm of Messrs. Longman & Co.) for only 31. 9s.—considered very cheap;—lot 26, the gem of the sale, "a unique" penny of King Harthacnut, struck (and found) at Dover, fetched only 122. 15s. Contrary to all expectation, this, we repeat "unique" coin was not bought by our British Museum; which has now most likely lost all chance of ever obtaining it. A "Cahier" groat of Edward the Third sold for 21. 5s.; and the "Tourney" groat of Henry the Eighth for 31. 5s.—moderate prices in both instances, considering their superior preservation. Lot 148, Mary's gold sovereign, and lot 171, Elizabeth's sovereign, though desirable pieces, brought but 21. 15s. and 24. 4s. respectively—not being as fine as they sometimes are met with.—Charles the First's twenty-shilling piece (lot 220), struck in Oxford, went for 241. 5s.—being more than this identical piece produced at the Peacock Sale. The gold real of Mary Queen of Scots, with her bust, sold for only 41. 7s. We considered it worth 8d. in happier and quieter times. Her "Lion," 1553, sold equally cheap, at 11. Messrs. Brown, Cureton, Curt and Webster were the chief purchasers throughout this choice sale—which lasted four days.

Among the many new periodicals which appeal to our notice, we have now before us the first number of one which recommends itself by features at once of novelty and of interest. It is called *The Journal of Design*, and addresses itself particularly to manufacturers. Its more distinctive feature is that of being a sort of *pattern-book*—and is thus explained in the 'Address' which introduces the work.—"It has been felt by the conductors of *The Journal of Design* that the most practical way to advance the object they have in view is to give a knowledge of existing decorative manufactures, and before attempting improvements to state thoroughly all the conditions of the thing to be improved. In a great measure with the view, it has been resolved to introduce into the Journal, as far as practicable, the actual patterns of manufactured fabrics themselves, both British and foreign. These patterns must necessarily be small; but even the smallest piece of any fabric itself is nearer the reality than any verbal description or colourless diagram. When this course is impracticable, as in solid or large designs, diagrams or reduced copies will be engraved and inserted in the text. By these means the value of opinions may be tested in the very presence of the object criticized. It is like a judgment pronounced upon evidence in open court.

The Stowe Miniatures to be sold by Messrs. Christie & Manson on Wednesday and Thursday next will be found to repay a visit. The collection includes ten fine specimens from the Strawberry Hill sale, and several examples of Hilliard and Oliver in their best manner. The miniatures of the Protector Somerset and his brother the Lord Admiral were given to Mrs. Grenville by her grandfather "the proud Duke of Somerset." The Zinckes are very fine, and were formerly the property of the Cragg family.—We shall have more to say about the collection in our next week's paper.

In Paris the annual Exhibition of the works of modern artists will not open until the 1st of May. At the Hague the Exhibition will open on the 21st of the same month.

The Galleries of the Louvre have proved insufficient to contain the numerous works of Art which daily swell the catalogue of that great Museum; and the Minister of the Interior has assigned the Hôtel d'Angivilliers in the Rue de l'Oratoire-du-Louvre as a dependency of the national institution:—for which it is undergoing certain process of adaptation.

it is undergoing certain processes of adaptation. This week private views have been afforded of two forthcoming Exhibitions:—that of the specimens of arts and manufactures brought together in the great room of the Society of Arts in John Street, Adelphi—and that of the Architectural Association, at 33, Pall Mall. Both of these we visited, and of both had prepared notices for the information of our readers. For the present, however, they have been compelled to give way before the great length of Prof. Leslie's concluding Lecture. Next week we shall find room for both.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

which sold out at No. 100. The Subscribers and the Public are respectfully informed that the **FIRST CONCERT** will take place at the **HANOVER-SQUARE ROOMS** on **MONDAY EVENING**, March 18, Price 1s. 6d. **Sinfonia Eroica**, Beethoven; **Concerto** in **A** flat, **Violin**, M. Sainson, **Soprano**; **Overture**, **'Oberon'**, **Weber**; **The** **Artist** of **Racine's** 'Athalie'; **Mendelssohn** (Performed for the first time publicly in this country); **Violin**, **Performance**, **Miss Williams**, **Mrs. Noble**; **Violin**, **Mr. Williams**, **Chorus**, **Conductor**, **Mr. Costa**; **Single Ticket**, 12. 12.; **Double Ticket**, 14. 10.; **Triple Ticket**, 16. 6d.; to be obtained of **Messrs. Addison**, 210, **Regent-Street**.

## SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL

CONDUCTOR.—**Mr. COSTA.**

ON FRIDAY NEXT, March 16, will be again repeated **Händel's Oratorio**, 'ISRAEL IN EGYPT', Miss Dolby, Mr. Lester, Mr. Macmillan, and Mr. H. Phillips. The Orchestra will consist of nearly 100 Performers. **Tickets**, 3s.; **Reserved Seats in the Royal Box**, 5s.; **Extra Area Reserved Tickets**, 10s. 6d. each. The **Conductor** had the principal Musicians; at the Society's sole **Offer**, No. 6, Exeter Hall, or Mr. Bowley, 33, Charing Cross. **Commence** as **Eight o'clock.**

THOMAS BREWER, Hon. Sec.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

The Directors of the **ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA** have respectfully informed the Nobility, Gentry, **Subscribers**, and the Public in general that the season will commence on **THURSDAY NEXT**, March 16, with **Auber's Grand Opera** of 'MASCANIETTO', which will be produced with entirely new Scenery, Costumes, and **Appliances**. **Etruria**, Madame Dorca, Gras, their first appearance at the Royal Italian Opera; **Almaviva**, Madame Gras, their first appearance at the English Italian Opera; **Alfonso**, Signor Longo; **Belisario**, Signor Bonomi; **Pietro**, M. Mamoli (the repeat of the part at the Académie Royale of Paris); and **Monarca**, Signor Mario.

The **DIVERTIMENTO**, incidental to the Opera, will be supported by **Mr. Wether**, M. Alexandre (his first appearance at the Royal Italian Opera); and **Mme. Louise Taglioni** (her first appearance at the English Italian Opera).

COMPAGNIE DIRECTOR OF THE MUSIC, AND CONDUCTOR, **Mr. COSTA.** Tickets, 5s., and 10s. for the **Nights** or **Seasons** to be obtained at the **Box-Office** of the **Theatre**, which is open from **Eleven to Five o'clock.**

## THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

CIRQUE NATIONAL DE PARIS.—LAST WEEK but ONE, GRANDE EQUESTRIAN PERFORMANCES EVERY EVENING.—**M. Franco** will exhibit his highly-trained Horses—Graceful Fests of Horsemanship, by **Mdles. Caroline, Mathilde, Clarke, Augusta, Ducon, Palmyre, Anato**, &c. &c.; **M. Loisez, Sen, Renoue, Nef, young Loisez, Wehle, Camille, &c. &c.** The **Enter-** **tainments** will be accompanied by the **Excellencies** of **Music**, **Angel, Leclear, young Auriol, and Mohamed.**—**Commence** at **Eight o'clock.**

THE LAST GRAND MORNING PERFORMANCES but two on **WEDNESDAY** and **FRIDAY**; **commence** at **Two o'clock.**

## [Second Notice.]

The **Music to Racine's 'Athalie'**, with an **English Adaptation of the Lyrics**. By **W. Bartholomew**, Esq. Composed by **Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy**. Op. 74. Posthumous Works, No. 2.

WE are now to speak of Dr. Mendelssohn's setting of the Choruses of 'Athalie.' The composition is necessarily 'laid out' in a fashion at once arbitrary and incomplete. It consists of an Overture and what may be called four choral interludes, being the lyrics concluding four acts of the drama.—Racine did not think a musical close to his entire work necessary; and accordingly the Fifth Act terminates with a speech by **Jehu**. This imparts an inevitable weakness to the musical effect when the work is given detached from the stage;—a consequence so frankly admitted by Mendelssohn that, with a view to strengthening the concluding portion, he added by way of after-thought a Fugue, with precise directions for its insertion in the short final chorus. This as it stands in the printed copy, is a mere repetition of the opening movement. The Fugue was found among Dr. Mendelssohn's papers subsequently to the arrangement of 'Athalie' for the press; but a feature of such great importance\* cannot be too soon incorporated as an established part of the composition.

On the elaborate Overture to 'Athalie' no judgment can be passed till we have heard it given with orchestra. But we may point out that the subjects with which it commences, and which relieve or suppose the somewhat tormented melody running through every part of it, are probably fragments of Hebrew chants; further, that the form of it is somewhat new. The composition, which begins in **F major**, and the main structure of which is a **molto allegro** in **B minor**, subsides into a **maestoso** in **B major** of the **same tempo** and with the same melody as the introduction. A like temperance of movement marks the close of Cherubini's overture to 'Lodoiska'; but whereas this is merely soothing, Mendelssohn's is majestic—while the progression of keys is totally different in the two examples.

\* It is just to the Directors of the **Philharmonic Society** to state that, being only very recently apprised of the existence of this supplementary matter, they took immediate and sufficient measures to procure it in time for the performance of this evening. But to get immediate or timely attention to any call of the kind from Germany is next to impossible, as all who have trafficked with that land must be aware,—and the music has not yet, we believe, reached London.

We now come to the choruses; the text of which, besides being narrative and ejaculatory rather than dramatic, offers the further disadvantage of being subdivided into many small portions,—thus calling for no common measure of constructive ingenuity in the musician who would work these up into forms of anything like musical substance or symmetry. In managing such awkward matters Mendelssohn is admirable,—perhaps unique: this particular case being one in which the composer had no precedent to guide him, while a weaker man must have been perpetually tempted to indulge in rhodomontade and disproportion wherever musical development was permitted. Clear of either fault, Mendelssohn has here availed himself of every permissible effect and picturesque contrast, without ever running wild or dragging the movement out of shape.

The first part of the **first interlude** is a stately hymn of praise, from the midst of which the **solo** parts arise and proceed naturally. What may be called the descriptive portion of the more strongly-marked strope 'O Sinai' which succeeds—depends on its orchestral treatment. This is pompous, finely-contrasted, and figurative,—the vocal parts being unisonal. Then comes an **allegro molto**, 'Holy, holy,' which demands notice on two grounds:—first, as an admirable example of the writer's mastery over **ritornel**, the principal phrase being happily repeated in divers keys; and next for the touch of French colour thrown over it. Those who have studied nationality will detect interesting traces of the influence of language, humour, &c. in the phrase 'O let us render love' (p. 35, &c.),—yet more eminently marked in the passage *a tre* 'Ye who through servile fear' (p. 39). Both are to the last degree pointed, we might have said *piquant*,—but among the English the last is rated as a *profane* epithet. We remember hearing Dr. Mendelssohn himself lay stress on the manner in which the French *tourneur* and rhythm of the lyrics laid hold upon his fancy while he was composing these Choruses. To illustrate the degree of this possession and its successful results, we need but compare the work before us with the music for Goethe's 'First Walpurgis Night,' or with the brilliant Bacchanal chorus in 'Antigone.' Specimens more entirely distinct in colour than these could hardly be cited from the writings of three separate composers.

The **second interlude** is also divided into three main portions, prefaced by choral recitative and connected by dialogue music. The first is the soothing pastoral in **B flat major**, 'Ever blessed child':—one of those combinations of **solo** and chorus moving harmoniously together in the management of which Mendelssohn is unparagoned. Next comes an **allegro non troppo**, 'Behold, Zion, behold,' in which again his resource in variously repeating a burden or 'reply' is most effectively exemplified:—and, lastly, the **più allegro** 'How long, O Lord!' Here an effect of pain and anxious supplication is wondrously produced by the reiteration of a simple phrase with an agitated accompaniment: till the passion rises to its climax in the grand choral unison (p. 69) 'They, Lord, who scoff at thee,—where confidence in the power of the Most High to chastise his enemies makes itself heard, superior to all doubt and difficulty, and with a certain tone of haughty triumph such as indeed distinguished the Israelites of yore. The end of this movement, in which the chant passes from part to part while the **soprano solo** utters an independent and separate strain, is also in no common degree original and interesting as regards form and treatment.

What may be called the **third division** of the work will probably be the favourite,—commencing as it does with a rich stream of melody in eight parts. This delicious hymn, however, occurs in the midst of a scene,—and thus does not belong to the interlude which, as we have stated, closes each act. The latter opens with two or three pages of melodramatic music (pp. 80, 81) of more than usual importance. These, nevertheless, we presume must be omitted in concert performance, unless some innovator be daring enough to throw the spoken passages into the form of song recitative. Then commences a chorus in **c minor**, which is one of the most developed and noble movements in the work. After a short introduction of flowing and sad melody in **B**, Mendelssohn has wrought together the contrasted passages of lamentation

Sion ne sera plus, &c.

and of exultant hopefulness

Dieu, protége Sion:—

those being given to the female, these to the male voices. This antiphonic contrast is sustained and amplified with remarkable nerve and brilliancy. From it we are led by a sort of *da capo* (¶) into the exquisite *andante tranquillo* closing the act; which for its skilful yet natural administration of **solo** and chorus may be classed with the memorable movement, 'I waited on the Lord' in the 'Lobgesang.' It is only to be regretted—however it may have been rendered necessary by the conditions of dramatic representation—that this movement is so brief.

The preparations for war in the *fourth act* of 'Athalie' afforded the musician a pretext for introducing 'A War March for the Priests,' the name of which does not profess what the movement does not perform. Having clearly in recollection the noble marches by Handel in 'Alcides' and 'Joshua,' that at the close of his 'Occasional Overture,' his more animated troop-tune in 'Judas,' and his Dead March in 'Saul'—Mozart's religious marches, also that by Cherubini in his 'Meden,'—to say nothing of secular specimens by Beethoven, Spohr, Marschner and others,—we can point to this War March as possessing a character totally separate from any and all of the movements enumerated. Its individuality, too, lies as much in the cast of the melody as in the solemnity or spirit with which it may prove to have been scored. The March is followed by a spirited chorus in **F major**, descriptive of the departure of the warriors,—in which the same high tone is preserved. The rest of the scene is devoted to the prayers and adjurations of those left behind. They naturally fall to the lot of the **soprano** chorus and **soli**, and the setting of them must have taxed the composer severely. He has employed the chant which opens the overture: first, simply enunciated, and subsequently (after the interpolation of an *agitato* movement, to which a remarkable amount of emotion is imparted by the short compass and peculiar triple rhythm of the leading and ever-recurring phrase) in a complete harmony, supported by the full power of the orchestra—while the interjectional blasts of the trumpets remind the ear of the battle going on without.—At this point, Racine's test for music ends: and thus the composition, if closed, would have wound up with the expression of extreme suspense. To avoid such incompleteness, and by way of musical close to the fifth act, Mendelssohn repeated the opening strain of the first chorus, which being simply an expression of praise might not unfitly be employed to terminate the story; and finding this expedient still insufficient, subsequently gave the final movement greater and more adequate musical importance by the insertion of the fugue before mentioned.

The above are a few aids to the comprehension of a work which, being in some sort exceptional, claims a more extended preliminary notice of its origin and analysis of its peculiar features than usual:—more especially since in most places it must be heard without pause, and divested of the somewhat prosy tragedy to which it was merely destined to be an adjunct. Ere our next publication it will have been given in a concert-room. We shall, therefore, then speak of those effects on which no perusal could enable us to offer an opinion.

MN. W. S. BENNETT'S CHAMBER CONCERTS.—The second of these was made up of excellent music, performed with great spirit and finish by Mr. W. S. Bennett, M.M. Sainson and Rousselet, and the Misses Williams. We were especially pleased with two new sacred vocal duets by the concert-giver. Let us hope that they will not prove a tantalizing evidence of powers hoarded rather than exercised. There is so much grace and expression in all that Mr. Bennett has written for the voice—in these duets so much devotional simplicity and feeling—that we must earnestly encourage him to exercise this branch of his art more frequently than he has of late seemed disposed to do. These duets, moreover, are welcome as demanding no extraordinary compass of voice,—though, as all compositions serious though not severe in style must do, they call for command over interval, purity of tone, and such

firmness in time as allows the singer to be steady without mechanical formality and easy without languor.

MARYLEBONE.—On Monday was performed 'Pizarro,' with Mrs. Mowatt as *Elvira*, Miss Vining as *Cora*, and Mr. Davenport as *Rolla*. Criticism were superfluous.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSE.—It was announced at the beginning of the week that Madame Stoltz and M. Bordas had arrived to join the corps of *Her Majesty's Theatre*. But the saying "Twixt cup and lip" &c., might have been expressly fabricated for the guidance of Opera gossips; since we now hear that the engagement of Madame Stoltz has no longer an existence,—while we find the *Morning Post* of yesterday speaking in the tone of one holding the post of confidence touching other artists who are to appear in Mr. Lumley's empire during the coming season. Among these are to be Madame Fressolini, Mdlle. Gazzaniga (who, we have heard from other quarters, is especially fitted for Verdi's music), Mdlle. Parodi the pupil of Madame Pasta concerning whom much interest has been excited—and Mdlle. Alboni, who is to sing *Ninetta* in 'La Gazza' and *Zerlina* (!) in 'Don Giovanni.'—(Mozart's 'La Clemenza' is also promised;—we suppose for 'Non più di fiori'). In addition to Signor Gardoni and M. Bordas, we are to hear Signori Calzolari and Bartolini for tenors:—the third of these gentlemen should prove "a court card." The basses are as last year. No repertory is mentioned:—this, indeed, would be hardly possible in the case of a corps composed of so much new material; but "the season" declares the *Post*, "will commence on Thursday next."

The public will hear, with hopes of diversion which are not likely to be disappointed that Mr. John Parry is about to commence a series of entertainments of which the mirth and music will be provided by his unassisted self.—The pecuniary success of the *Wednesday Concerts* has led to their extension; a second series of eight has been just announced. The vocal music at the last meeting has been a trifle better than at the earlier ones; but the general style of performance has not improved. Mr. Willy knows as well as the *Athenæum* that his *Concert Band* is not always what a concert-band should be. It is often coarse, if not careless, especially in accompaniment. This may arise from insufficient rehearsal; but the more numerous and permanent its engagements are, the less can such plea be admitted. The indifference of English artists and their willingness to dismiss their duties no matter how, —make one of the discouraging signs which should and will disappear. Whether the fault lies with the players who can't, or with the singers who won't attend—it is one which must be either remedied or constantly and consistently reproved.—The *Society of British Musicians* this day week held an orchestral meeting for the trial of new compositions: among which were a MS. Overture by Mr. Charles Horsley, and MS. Overtures by Mr. Stephens and by Mr. W. C. Macfarren.

Our contemporaries have announced that Mdlle. Lind will sing in 'Elijah,' in the 'Creation'—also in selections from 'Fidelio' and 'Oberon'—during the course of her concerts at Exeter Hall. A good deal of the 'Euryanthe' music might also be rendered available for like purpose; and would suit Mdlle. Lind's voice thoroughly, no less than her style, which is far more German than Italian. Here it has never been sung or played decently:—nor anywhere, we suspect, since Mdlle. Sontag, for whom it was written, and Madame Schroeder-Devrient (who, howsoever coarse as a vocalist, transformed the part into a piece of super-passionate tragedy), left the stage. Thus much of speculations written on Monday.—On Wednesday we learned that the engagement of Exeter Hall has been countermanded: so that, probably, to-day (Saturday) the world may be amused by the mention of some "new bough" selected by "the Nightingale" as the scene of her warblings. These decisions and indecisions seem too constant on the part of the Lady to be always accidental. At all events, they have the effect of keeping curiosity on the alert regarding her movements: and the said curiosity has had a large, if not "a Lion's," share in her extraordinary

popularity,—as will be clearly seen when the history of *Prime Donne* comes to be written.

The *Amateur Musical Society* held its first concert on Wednesday last. This year the orchestra is under the direction of Signor Negri.—The pleasant musical evenings of Mr. Lucas begin on Wednesday next.

We ought last week to have announced the *Soirées de Miss Anne Romer* and Mr. N. Mori as having taken place. This week 'Francesca Doria,' a drama with music by Mr. Linley, has been given at the *Princess's Theatre*.

The abolition of chanting in Bristol Cathedral having been memorialized against in the Courts Ecclesiastical—the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol has decided that the old tuneful practice shall be resumed. It appeared, in the course of the argument, that the change had been principally made to accommodate a newly-elected Minor Canon who "could neither intone nor chant." Such an appointment (rubrical uses and ordinance considered) is virtually equivalent to that of a man on crutches for Flying Post.

A correspondent has obligingly met our wish by forwarding programmes of some of the cheap concerts in the Free Trade Hall at Manchester. Our expectations are fairly satisfied; since we find that the selections comprise madrigals, concerted and choral pieces from Sir H. Bishop's operas, and specimens from the well-worn *Convito*, while the solo music is at least as good as usual. The organ, too, has been put to its right use by a performance of one of Rinck's regular organ compositions. In no Quixotic spirit do we continue to press upon every person concerned in such entertainments the expediency of making them as good as possible—the duty of never permitting the leadership of public taste to slip out of their hands. To maintain such authority, extended musical sympathy and appreciation of poetical merit are required; but when these are judiciously relied upon, they never fail. That the most poetical plays of Shakespeare are the best liked at Sadler's Wells we have often had to record. The refined classical comedy of M. Augier (one of the most delicate pieces of contemporary satire) has proved not too refined for a Wych-Street audience. The songs of Shakespeare—the Irish melodies of Moore—the selected Scotch ballads of Burns—the English lyrics of Barry Cornwall—will all, we believe, be found more pleasing to "the many" in right of their poetry, than the rubbish which publishers seem to court rather than to reject; while (good singers forthcoming) a popular selection can be at all times got from the writings of Purcell, Arne, Handel, Haydn, Mendelssohn, at least as unobjectionable as the opera-tunes or the Cremona ballade of the day, which are ground *ad nauseam* upon the hurdygurdies in every street, court, and alley.

There is not much novelty announced in this week's number of the *Gazette Musicale*. Unlike 'Robert' and 'Les Huguenots,' 'Le Prophète' is to have an overture.—M. Elwart, to whose amusing flexibilities we last year called attention [No. 1075], being afflicted at the production of a 'Deluge' by M. Gregoir at Antwerp, advertises that he was beforehand with The Flood: reminding the Parisians that he *deluged* them at the Salle Herz, four years ago, though they may have forgotten the treat,—and acquainting them that what was an Oratorio-Symphony in the days of His Majesty Louis Philippe has become a grand opera under M. le President Louis Napoleon. The *scenarium* of this opera must be a curiosity!—An opera by a composer bearing the chivalresque name of Aymar de la Croix has just succeeded at Toulouse: the title is 'Les Dernières Armes de Richelieu.'—Mr. Onslow is in Paris; with some new stringed Quintetts,—by which it would seem that he has postponed his resolution of devoting himself for the future to orchestral composition.

The foreign journals announce the death at Brunswick of Herr Alexander Fesca—the second composer of that name, and who is principally known in England by some agreeable instrumental chamber compositions.—At one of the Symphony-Concerts at Berlin (entertainments which appear to answer to our Philharmonic Concerts) has been given a new overture to 'Macbeth' by Herr Taubert, which is highly commended. This composer during the earlier part of his career virtually resigned all claim to separate consideration by his curiously close imitation of

Mendelssohn, not merely in style, but also in form of composition. It is to be hoped that one so well trained may by this time have found a way out of a will of his own.

#### MISCELLANEA

*Mr. Panizzi's Catalogue.*—Our paper of last week contains a misprint which is corrected under the proper head at the end of the present number,—which involves such an absurdity, that we cannot leave its correction to the sole chance of an ordinary erratum. The amount of money expended on the production of letter A was stated in manuscript to be "five and twenty thousand pounds,"—and the compositor has reduced into figures as follows:—520,000.

*Astronomy.*—At a recent meeting of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, Prof. Smyth gave a short account of an electrical clock fitted with a new apparatus, which may enable an observer to divide a second into a hundred parts in taking the transit of a star. The new apparatus is the invention of an officer of the American navy, and consists of a dial plate (attached to the clock), with a scale in which a minute of time occupies a space of nearly an inch. On this scale the moment of transit is marked instantaneously by touching a key. When two towns, however distant, are connected by the wires of the telegraph, the difference of longitude may be found with the aid of this invention, by two observers taking transit of the same stars at the two places, and with great accuracy. Prof. Smyth thinks that the apparatus promises to be very useful, though it may not perhaps realize all the advantages anticipated by the inventor.—See *manus.*

*Thomas Hood.*—The following ballad verse by the deceased poet are given in a recent number of *Fraser's Magazine*, as not having been before published.

There is dew for the flow'ret,  
And honey for the bee,  
And bowers for the wild-bird,  
And love for you and me!

There are tears for the many,  
And pleasure for the few;  
But let the world pass on, dear,  
There's love for me and you!

There is Care that will not leave us,  
And Pain that will not flee;  
But on our heart unaltered  
Sits Love 'twixt you and me!

Our love, it ne'er was reckoned,  
Yet good it is, and true;  
It's half the world to me, dear,  
It's all the world to you!

*Postage Stamps.*—It appears that many letters are arriving at the Boulogne Post-Office from England with the Queen's head attached to them. This arises, no doubt, from an erroneous idea prevailing on the other side of the Channel, that in consequence of the adoption by France of the English system the head affixed in England will diminish or cover the expense of postage,—which is by no means the case. The French stamp costs 2d., and is limited in its action to the territory of the Republic,—in the same manner that the 1d. stamp of England is limited in its operation to the United Kingdom. The London journals would be rendering a service to the English public by noticing the mistake. It is to be hoped that ere long, through the good understanding subsisting between the two countries, the two hours transit across the Straits will in postal economy count as nothing; for it seems absurd that when a letter can be conveyed from London to Dover—a distance of 70 miles—for 1d., and from Calais to Paris—a distance of 100 miles—for 2d., the cost for 20 miles across the Channel should be more than twice as much as these two charges put together.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—M. D.—J. T. G.—Q. L.—Editor A Subcriber—W. S.—M. N.—A Constant Reader—J. C. Volubensky—L. M.—A Lover of "Old Saws"—received J. D.—It is not intended to be asserted that Mr. Mitchell is the inventor of the Elastic Moulds; but merely that in his quality of Master of the Sheffield School of Design he lectured on the advantages of the process.

A SUBSCRIBER and CONSTANT READER is informed that the matter of which he complains is one with which we have nothing to do. He must address himself to the newsmen through whom he receives his paper.

*Erratum.*—p. 225, col. 1, l. 62, for "520,000," read 52,000.

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